Saturday Review

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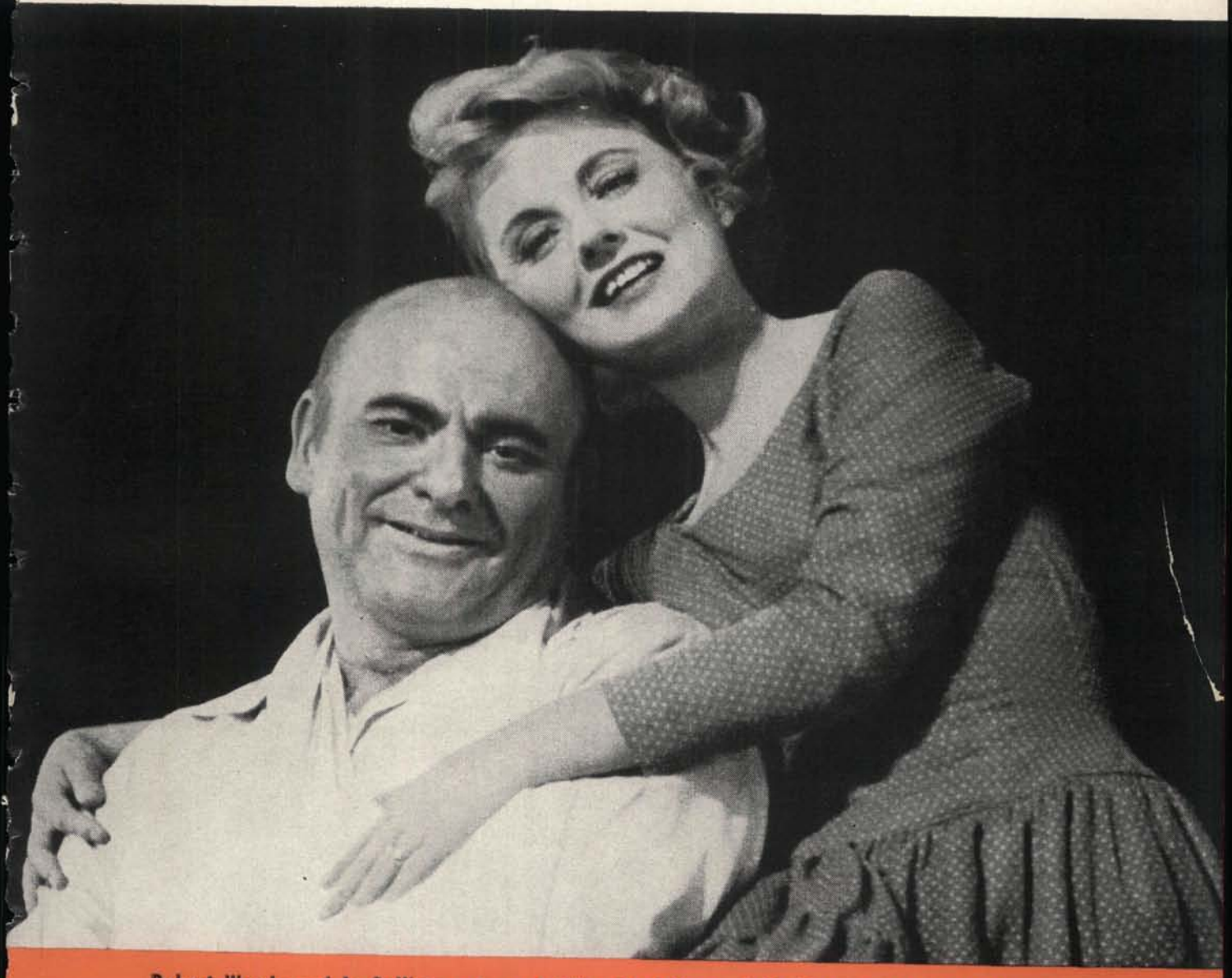

Robert Weede and Jo Sullivan, stars of "The Most Happy Fella." (See BROADWAY PREVIEW)

FREUD'S 100th BIRTHDAY... Articles by Crane Brinton and Lawrence S. Kubie

EVERYONE WRITES (BAD) POETRY
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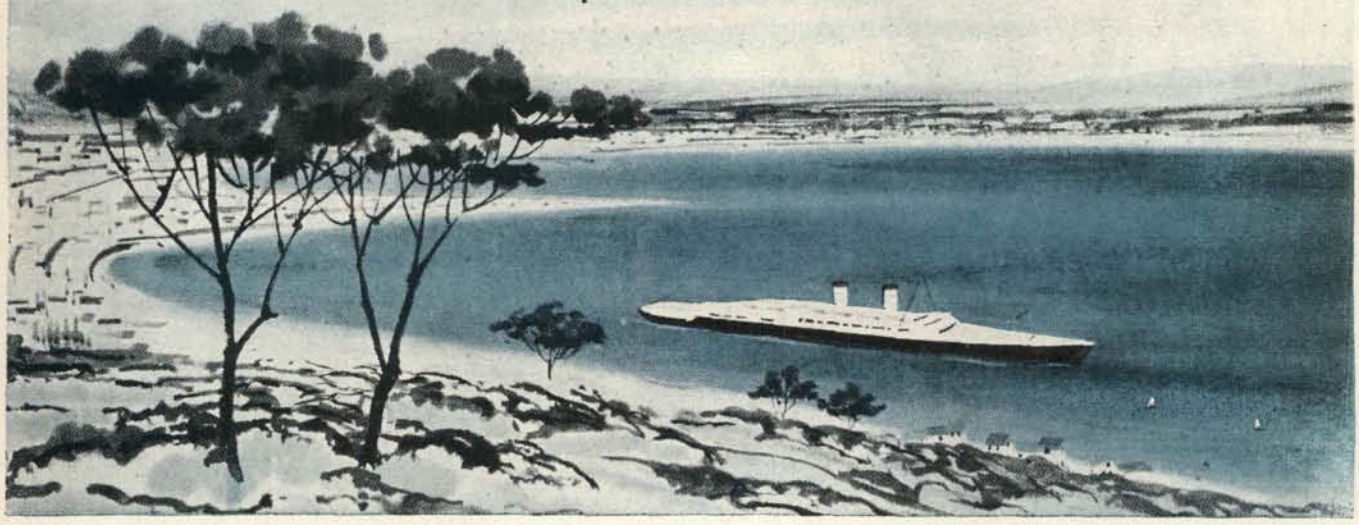

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The Saturday Review
MAY 5, 1956
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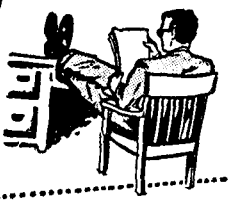
Editor-at-Large



I want to talk about a wonderful new novel that is about baseball; but even if you don't like baseball I hope you'll hear me out.

The book is "Bang the Drum Slowly," by Mark Harris, published by Alfred A. Knopf, and I know three good reasons for reading it.

First, it is very funny, so funny that it is a mistake to read it without someone around to whom you can read aloud many of its passages.

Next, it is beautifully written and ingeniously constructed in a manner, new to me, that anyone interested in writing should study with care.

Finally, it is an account of how people, who just happen to be ballplayers, react when they learn that one of their friends is surely going to die.

Just as you do not have to be a Navy veteran to like "The Caine Mutiny" or a Southerner to appreciate William Faulkner, so you do not have to be a baseball fan to enjoy "Bang the Drum Slowly." I know at least four women who have been particularly enthusiastic about it.

The publisher compares Mark Harris to Ring Lardner and Mark Twain; this is not a blurb writer's wishful thinking, but a simple statement of fact.

A question sometimes asked is: Are baseball players, and baseball fans, human beings? "Bang the Drum Slowly" answers this with a thumping affirmative.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Bang the Drum Slowly," by Mark Harris ($3.50) may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including those in the major league towns of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Detroit. This column is sponsored by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., who next month will publish Donald Elder's "Ring Lardner" ($4.75), the first authoritative biography of this important American writer and fine follow-up reading for "Bang the Drum Slowly." Order it from your bookseller now to be sure of getting a first copy.

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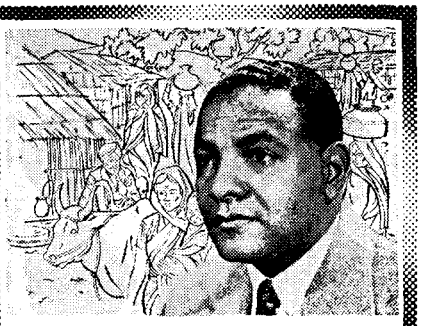

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TRADE Winds

THE WIDELY ENTERTAINED NOTION that a retail bookstore cannot possibly be run at a profit is knocked into a cocked hat by the record of every one of the twenty-eight Doubleday shops now in operation. The pleasing black figures are not the result of bonus sales of records and by-products, either. "These sidelines are carried only to create additional traffic and thereby sell more books," maintains George Hecht, whose vigorous management has been a decisive factor in the success of the Doubleday chain. "Our twenty-eight stores did a gross volume of over $5,000,000 in the past year. Of that total, books contributed $3,500,000, records $1,000,000, and cards, novelties, and all the rest only $500,000."

When the first Doubleday shops were opened rival publishers suspected darkly, and not entirely without reason, that the prime object was to boost the sale of Doubleday books. In the early years a consistent 20 per cent of the stores' total volume was registered by products from the home printing plant. Under the Hecht regime that 20 per cent has dropped to a more normal 12 per cent, and though the late Nelson Doubleday first balked at the shift of emphasis he lived to admit the wisdom of the move.

George Hecht came to Doubleday by way of New York's Stuyvesant High School and Columbia University. While a student he sold books at the Penn Terminal shop under the tutelage of the knowing Mabel Jettinghoff, then was lured into hitting the road by sales manager Frank Henry. "I was earning $75 a week when I fell for Frank's siren song," recalls George. "At first my income soared. But those were the tough depression years. One cut followed another. Finally, after seven years, when Cedric Crowell offered me that same old $75 a week to go back into the retail bookstore department I considered it a genuine promotion!"

By 1938 Hecht was general manager of the Doubleday chain, and ten years later he became a vice president of the parent organization. He negotiates all leaseholds, decides on the location of new units, manages the twenty-eight now functioning, is grand nabob of the recordings department, and on the side is a member of the general editorial board. His enthusiasm is credited for the initial success of the Thorne Smith stories. His shops have sold 10 per cent of the grand totals on "The Caine Mutiny" and "Auntie Mame."

Most impressive unit in the Doubleday chain is the handsome store at 52nd Street and Fifth Avenue, open every weekday until midnight, where the elegance of the customers is matched only by that of the clerks. Many of the latter are stage folk temporarily "at liberty." "In this shop," maintains Hecht, "we sell more books per square foot than any other store in the world." (I believe that this distinction formerly was the boast of W. H. Smith in London.)

"Have you blueprints for any additional units?" I asked George. "You bet," he answered. "There'll be one in the new Lord & Taylor suburban center in Philadelphia soon, another in the new Lion Store just outside of Toledo. And I hope we may have one in the Lord & Taylor annex planned for Garden City. For Doubleday, of course, that will be sort of coming back to home base."

Doubleday's recording is done under the Dolphin label. The five albums already released probably are not causing RCA, Columbia, or Decca executives any sleepless nights, but they have given such diverse and ingratiating performers as Cyril Ritchard, Nancy Walker, Greta Keller, Elaine Stritch, and Portia Nelson the opportunity to revive some delectable off-beat numbers by Gershwin, Porter, Rodgers, Kern, etc. The sophisticated and unobtrusive accompaniments of the Norman Paris trio are an agreeable feature of all Dolphin records released to date. I particularly recommend Portia Nelson's rendi-

—Editta Sherman.

George Hecht—" . . . a decisive factor."

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tion of Gershwin's lilting and neglected "When I Hear a Melody by Strauss."

THE BIG SENSATION in recording circles today is, of course, the new "My Fair Lady" album, containing the complete score of the greatest musical show that's come to New York in many a moon. Goddard Lieberson, Columbia Recordings mastermind, assembled the entire cast on the second Sunday following the triumphant premiere and by some necromancy of his own produced in one continuous fourteen-hour session a platter that contains all the joyous excitement and perfection of the stage play.

To Alan Lerner, who accomplished brilliantly the difficult task of translating Shaw's "Pygmalion" into a musical—and wrote the lyrics—to composer Frederick Loewe, producer Herman Levin, stars Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews, and all the brilliant supporting players, has gone a full measure of deserved praise, but I wonder if it has been sufficiently emphasized that the man who made all the component parts fit so perfectly into place was the director—Moss Hart. A more completely satisfying evening in the theatre could not be imagined.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS has been experimenting with records, too, and while its "The Song of Insects" may lack the glamour of a smash Broadway musical, there is a virtue in recording for posterity the noises made by crickets, grasshoppers, and katydids. It is worth noting that in this distinguished company it is the males who do all the singing. The females, miraculously, remain silent. Nor is the song of the grasshopper vocal; he makes it by rubbing his legs together. Of course, you knew that all the time; I'm just reminding you!

My son Christopher claims that sardines sing too. According to him a baby sardine frightened by a big submarine gliding by slithered hastily into the comfort of his mother's fins. "That's nothing to be afraid of," she assured him in musical tones. "It's just a can of people."

MORE SUCCESS STORIES: Three printings of Dell's edition of "Bonjour Tristesse" totaled 1,500,000—all within three weeks of publication. Signet's

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John Mason Brown

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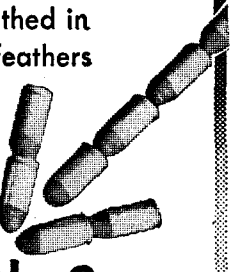

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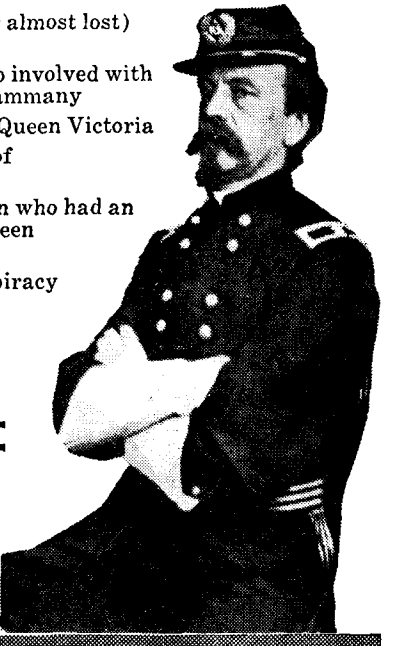

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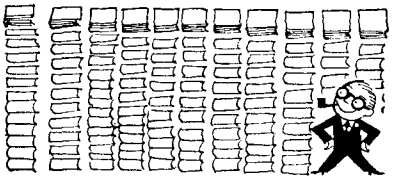
edition of "No Time for Sergeants" promises to duplicate that record. The first edition—a cool 1,000,000 copies—disappeared just like that. Moral: the public will buy plenty of books—if



you give them what they want! Françoise Sagan, the precocious lass who wrote "Bonjour Tristesse," has another potential blockbuster in "A Certain Smile"—if the censors do not interfere. . . . Dell is sponsoring two fifty-cent originals that seem to set a new standard, both editorially and mechanically, for books in their category. One is "Modern French Painting," the other "The Hammond-Dell World Atlas." Both are calculated to make a publisher of hardback books gulp convulsively and make for the nearest bar. . . . To round out Cerf's Recommendations-of-the-Week, I have thoroughly enjoyed four movies: Olivier in "King Richard III"; "The Harder They Fall"; "Meet Me in Las Vegas"; and "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit." And despite the excellence of "Marty" I still think the Oscar award should have gone to "Picnic."

FROM THE *COLUMBIA JESTER* comes the tale of a dignified and respected philosophy professor who departed this life at the age of eighty and awoke before the Pearly Gates, where he was welcomed with appropriate ceremonies.

Some years later a trusted disciple followed in his footsteps and combed Heaven in search of him. He found him at last, stretched out under a friendly elm with a beautiful damsel in his arms stroking his silvery beard.

"I am happy, revered teacher," said the disciple, "to see that you have won your just reward."

"Reward nothing," grumbled the philosopher. "This is *her* punishment!"

—BENNETT CERF.

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ROSE C. FELD:
MY AUNT LUCIENNE

"My shawl has been in the family for I do not know how many years. It is very precious. But"—and she paused in dramatic emphasis—"but if I saw one like it in a second-hand shop, I should certainly tell the shopkeeper that it was nothing but an old rag."

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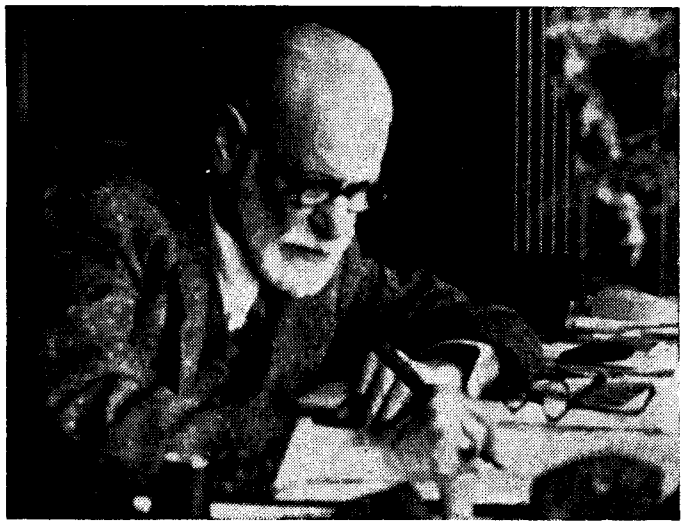
The Saturday Review
MAY 5, 1956

FREUD



100th Birthday

AS MUCH as any man, Sigmund Freud stands on the Great Divide between the 6,000 years of human history prior to 1900 and the Future. His own personality—and the patients and symptoms he studied—belonged to the still coherent, if shaken, world of the Hapsburgs. His theories steer for what are to most of us the dubious days when Science will be the Censor of Society as well as her ox and cart.

The man who foreshadowed all this was born on May 6, 1856, in what is now Czechoslovakia. After a Viennese childhood, which later provided Freud with first-hand confirmations of his psychological theories, he became a physician, a neurologist, and then at twenty-nine a student of mental disorders. In the Central Europe of that day these were many and weird; the neuroses of the aching Victorian scene were as old as mankind, but the social confusion of the Industrial Age had exacerbated them, and the faith which quashes or soothes trouble was crumbling. Freud saw that his patients fell into patterns, and he came to outline his now-so-familiar concept of a paramount nervous force, of which recognizable disguises and distortions are responsible for mental disease. Psychoanalysis is the attempt to detach the unhealthy growths from the basic energy. Naturally the technique requires a perfectly uninhibited dissection of psychological process, the publication and discussion of the strangest, darkest forms of human behavior. On an unusually prudish society the impact of these intimate disclosures was immense. Freud was attacked as a purveyor of filth, the enemy of God and morals, art and dignity. Certainly the great doctor—but more often his disciples—made occasional claims for the omniscience of his ideas which irritated other thinkers; some of these claims are still the proper subject of fierce controversy. But it would be hard to detract from the importance of Freud's work. He was a pioneer on a frontier of nearly total darkness; until his death in 1939 he labored tirelessly in the attempt to cure men and women who were suffering horribly, and to bequeath a few valid conclusions to posterity. So long as psychoanalysis maintains the humane, scientific spirit of its Founder, does not constitute itself the proctor or—the accusation Freud hurled at his pupil Jung—the prophet of the human race, the potential good that Freud's formulations can confer on mankind is large indeed. —*The Editors.*

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FREUD AND HUMAN HISTORY

An Optimistic Pessimism, and the Challenge to Democracy

By CRANE BRINTON, *author ("The Temper of Western Europe," etc.) and professor of history, Harvard.*

THERE are today some twenty to thirty million extra children in the Western world alone who were not foreseen by the demographic experts of the 1930s. These children, moreover, come from middle- and upper-class families relatively at least as commonly as from the lower classes; and, even more amazingly, some million or more of these children belong to that supposedly dying nation, the French. Where did they come from, these children whose existence may be more important than the Korean and the Cold Wars in explaining our current economic prosperity? Nobody really knows, of course. The modest social scientist will say that a great many "causes," including naturally the economic, a great many mutually dependent variables by no means measurable in our present state of knowledge must have worked together to produce this surprising result.

The historian of ideas will hazard the guess that one of these variables is Sigmund Freud. His writings were not of course directly concerned with what Theodore Roosevelt used to call the problem of "race suicide." Their influence was far more indirect, far more typical of the way the ideas of great scientists get to work among the crowd. For Freud's work helped the educated young of both sexes in our day to these conclusions: that children are the normal, the healthy result of a sound sex life at the proper genital level; that contraception, if sometimes necessary, is certainly a form of repression dangerously near the center of what ought not to be repressed, or indeed even sublimated; that the Victorian one-or-two child family was hard psychologically on both parents and children; that economic caution as a motive for family limitation neglects the all-important Unconscious; that therefore they should marry young, but by no means frequently, for old-fashioned divorce is hard on the children and, besides, suggests there is neurosis in at least one of the partners.

In short, the educated young in the Western world have made some of Freud's ideas part of their intellectual and emotional attitudes toward life. They marry young, have children, and live without benefit of Victorian neatness—and without Victorian servants—because they want it so; and they want it so in part, in larger part than most Americans—still innocent believers in the economic and other simple motives—will admit, because they interpret Freud and his followers as declaring that nature, the reality principle, the facts of the good life will have it so. Whether or not Freud himself would agree with their use of his works is beside the point here. Newton, Darwin, even Einstein lived to see men take their work as scientists and apply it very variously indeed to their own concerns.

But, you may still object, is it not a silly paradox to claim for Freud, who everyone knows is one of the fathers of modern anti-intellectualism, so clearly an intellectualist influence as that just sketched? I have said that the young *think* about sex and children and even guide their behavior by their ideas about these matters in relation to the good life. But didn't Freud try to show that no one really thought except with his hormones, that the Unconscious is master of us all?

I should like to attempt a brief description of the world-view (there really is no substitute for that blessed German word *Weltanschauung*) most congruous with Freud's place in Western thought. Now in spite of the romanticists' attempt to unseat eighteenth-century Right Reason with appeals to the Oversoul, to *Vernunft*—the transcendental in us all—no one had yet really shown ordinary educated men in 1900 that conscious analytical thought is under many circumstances impossible. This Freud really did achieve, building on the work of his predecessors as a scientist must and summarizing the familiar sequence of purely hysterical symptoms, hypnosis, Charcot, Breuer, and so on to the famous tripartite map of the mind as Id, Ego, and Superego. Freud convinced many, as the romanticists had failed to do, that straight thinking of the sort Condorcet and his eighteenth-century peers held would solve all our problems was not an activity natural and easy for men, not even after the evils of Church and State had been eliminated. For Freud concluded that what

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FREUD AND MODERN POETRY: In a sense the very forms of modern poetry are a product of the poets' reactions to Freud. If man is basically seen as a moral quantity to be finally summarized as good or bad, right or wrong, then he is a relatively closed quantity subject to relatively formal (ecclesiastic, ethical, moral) measure, and the poetic forms of the human question will tend to fairly closed patterns and measures. If, on the other hand, man is seen as a complex of simultaneously colliding and cross-tugging elusive but compelling forces, then the forms that seek to express him will tend to be complex, multiple, self-crossing, self-colliding, and elusive.

If the poet's awareness operates in roughly logical sequences from agreed moral premises, then the form of the poem may be driven square and its progress into itself may approach the theory of the reasoned essay. But if that awareness operates as a kind of symbolic dance around certain deep and shifting poles of wish and compulsion, then the poem must find a form that will contain such a moving montage of fragments, and its progress into itself will tend to approach the theory of music, evoking rather than parsing, summoning and releasing rather than asserting, presenting rather than judging.

The three foremost experimentalists of twentieth-century poetry have been Joyce (yes, he must count with the poets, at least as an influence), Pound, and Eliot. Their experiments have all tended toward forms that might best express exactly this sort of Freudian awareness. The most heated differences in poetry today are still the differences between the traditional-moralist and the Freudian-symbolist. The universe of one is measured by sin, the universe of the other by behavior. Every thoughtful poet today must sooner or later decide which of these universes he inhabits. Or perhaps, like Eliot, he may try to straddle the two. In any case his forms will necessarily respond to his election. And the man who more than any other determines the ballot in that form is still Freud. —JOHN CIARDI.

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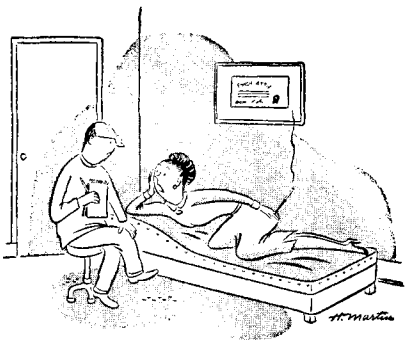
FREUD AND HUMAN FREEDOM

A Secret Tyranny Unmasked



"I'm beautiful, intelligent, wealthy, and happy—what's wrong with me?"

By LAWRENCE S. KUBIE, *neurologist and psychoanalyst, former professor of psychiatry, Yale University.*

SIGMUND FREUD was born in 1856 and died in 1939—on the brink of World War II. The American Psychoanalytic Association wrote in Volume II of its *Annual Bulletin*:

> This twentieth century has become heir to the greatest and to the worst of which human nature is capable. Through the long and unpredictable years of struggle which lie ahead one of the decisive influences will be the use which is made of the tool which was forged by Sigmund Freud. In gratitude for the gain in human stature made possible by his life of patient labor. . . .

Then they dedicated the *Bulletin* to him. My central theme is this "gain in human stature" which Freud's work makes possible for all mankind. It is hard to realize that in the medicine of 200 years ago there was almost no difference between the philosopher and the physician. The natural sciences had already begun to depend upon the experimental method, but medicine had lagged behind; and in the complicated and swiftly changing problems which confronted the physician philosophical speculations, traditions, legends, and old wives' tales were still accepted. To the physician of that period the diseases of the body were quite as mysterious and perplexing as the diseases of the mind. He philosophized vaguely about both. The general practitioner was his own psychiatrist.

With the nineteenth century a basic change occurred in the whole field of medical science. The precise methods of chemistry and physics began their invasion of the doctors' cloudy domain. A new kind of physician appeared on the scene, carefully trained in precise quantitative methods. Temperamentally, emotionally, philosophically, and with a crusading ardor, this new order of doctors tolerated only that which was ponderable and which could be counted more or less exactly. But mental disturbances remained obscure and neglected.

When medicine went mind-shy it did not take this path alone. In the reaction away from their philosophical origins psychologists themselves became experimentalists of a sort, but not in psychology. They became experimenters in the physiology of the special senses; they became statisticians of fragments of behavior. A little later they became "behaviorists" who were equally psychophobic.

In much of this long period when academic psychology bogged down psychiatry remained a purely descriptive branch of medicine. The individual psychiatrist in his daily contacts with patients and relatives was as varied a being then as now. But the articulate psychiatrists—the men who wrote the textbooks and who tried to advance the frontiers of psychiatry—were as psychophobic as the rest. One need only look over the psychiatric textbooks of the pre-analytic era to see to what extraordinary lengths they went in their efforts to study everything about the patient except the range and variety of experience through which he had passed.

It happened that in the second half of the nineteenth century certain studies of hypnotism by Charcot and Bernheim in France, and by Forel in Switzerland, exerted a profound influence on many young scientists. Here is a point which is often forgotten, although it is quite elementary—namely, that the operation of unconscious psychological forces had been experimentally demonstrated by laboratory techniques long before the first formulations of psychoanalysis. Although the unconscious is the cornerstone of analysis Freud never claimed he discovered it. In hypnotism neurologists had studied this great truth; but instead of investigating it deeply they tried with naive simplicity to use it directly as a shortcut to therapy. When they failed they dropped their study of it. Freud, on the other hand, took hypnotism as a lead into the nature of the human spirit. The outcome of his patient study led him away from hypnosis itself to develop first a new technique for the investigation of unconscious processes, second the theory that these unconscious processes influence human behavior not merely in the artificial setting of hypnotic demonstrations but in every detail of daily living.

THE impact of his discovery on human thought can justly be compared

really kept men from straight thinking was not, to use awkward but clear terms, the macro-environment of Church, State, Society, but the micro-environment of nursery, family, peer-group, school, neighborhood. Reform of these last was clearly, even to the most convinced environmentalist, a formidable task.

It came to seem to Freud a very hard task indeed, an impossible one in terms of a human lifetime. But it did not seem an impossible task to free certain individuals from these deeply-rooted environmental evils. Freud was at bottom a good child of the eighteenth century. He was no optimist, but neither was that misplaced Jansenist the Marquis de Condorcet. Freud did believe that the individual under psychoanalysis and with due guidance could *think* his way out of a bad environment and into happiness here on earth. The process was longer, harder, and above all more expensive than Condorcet had dreamed. But the neurotic patient whose analysis has been successful has learned the truth, and the truth has made him free.

Freud is then at bottom one of ours. He is, to use Disraeli's famous phrase quite without irony, on the side of the angels—somewhat Unitarian if not actually positivist angels, it is true, but still angels. He does not urge us—nor did he urge his patients—to think with our blood, to follow our Id, libido, or Unconscious as the true guide, to kick over the traces. He was not even very romantic, as scientists go. His pessimism, which was very real and very profound, had a kind of folk background of common sense and even good humor. It was nothing like the pessimism of a Kierkegaard or a Kafka, both of which psychotics the good doctor would have thought of as almost too far gone for psychoanalytical saving. Freud wanted the decencies, the nineteenth-century decencies.

It is true that at the Hollywood B level Freud sometimes appears as

(*Continued on page* 35)

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to the impact of the discovery that the world circled round the sun, or to the emergence of the doctrine of evolution to replace the doctrine of special creation. It challenged mankind to the same act of humility. Man had to be humble when he could no longer look upon his world as the center of the solar system; and again when he had to look upon himself as one with the whole history of evolving animal forms. Now he was asked to accept the fact that he is compelled to live his whole life under the influence of unconscious psychological forces of which he cannot become aware without special technical procedures.

This discovery that unconscious processes permeate all human thought and action abolished the artificial distinction which had previously existed between psychology as a study of the normal and psychiatry as a study of the sick. The analytical study of the neuroses and psychoses meant the beginning of a new understanding of normal human psychology. In this respect the influence of Freud runs parallel to the general history of medicine. When physiologists began to study normal physiology they found that they had to learn their basic lessons from the disturbed physiology of disease, both as it occurs in nature and as it is reproduced experimentally in the laboratory. The same sequence of events has occurred in the study of human psychology. A basic understanding of the role of unconscious processes in normal psychology began with the study of their role in the neuroses. Indeed, in the psychological field the study of the "experiments of nature" which we call disease plays, if anything, a role of even greater relative significance—because the use of animals for the experimental production of illness is so much more limited.

Since Freud the psychiatrist has become a student of all human nature; before Freud he was merely the custodian of the legally irresponsible. It cannot be said that Freud was alone in recognizing the similarities between the psychology of the so-called "normal" and that of the neuroses and psychoses. What Freud demonstrated, however, was the underlying principle which correlated phenomena which had seemed as widely divergent as the manifestation of mental illness and the ever-present problem of human discontent. He brought the problem of human happiness and human discontent into the arena of scientific research. Since Freud it has ceased to be primarily a philosophical, religious, or ethical problem; it has become, instead, a subtler manifestation of the same unconscious processes as those which psychiatrists had learned to recognize in states of outspoken neurosis.

To make clearer this expansion of psychoanalytic psychiatry into every aspect of human life I must return for a moment to the unifying analytic conception of normality and illness. In the study of the neuroses, and later of the psychoses, Freud discovered that unconscious psychological processes were at work just as they had been in the experimental demonstrations of hypnotism in the laboratories of the French neurologists. Furthermore, he found that the symptoms of his patients were blind efforts to express these unconscious processes: *i.e.*, to gratify unconscious yearnings, to atone for unconscious feelings of guilt, to ward off unconscious terrors, to carry out unconscious revenges. And, then, when he turned to the study of himself, of his colleagues, and of the people around him he found that exactly the same processes were operative. The difference was that the unconscious forces at work in the normal were not so distorted or so highly charged as to produce frank symptoms of illness. Instead, they produced the quirks which make our personalities as different as our faces. In short, Freud recognized that even the normal human being lives under an oppressive dictatorship, created for him by his own rigid and unconscious laws. Normality is a matter of degree—of the extent to which this unconsciously self-imposed dictatorship controls the conscious and preconscious components in the life of any individual.

WHAT, then, can we look upon as normal? Quite clearly those aspects of any human being which are relatively free from internal slavery—those aspects of any human being which are free from a bondage to the past and which are in tune with the present. In other words, we may define as normal that which is responsive to external reality, which is flexible, which can learn from the impact of experience. That is neurotic and sick (whether it is an isolated quirk in a human being who leads on the whole a normal life, or the total derangement of an insane human being in a state hospital) which is deter-

(*Continued on page* 36)

FREUD AND THE THEATRE: There are three categories of "Freudian" play. Easy to spot are those that use Freudian terminology, describe neurotic syndromes, or dramatize psychotherapy. More conjectural are plays that *seem* to follow Freud's trail into the uncharted areas of the unconscious mind; this class includes hundreds of plays written before Freud. Finally are the plays which deal with the problems created by contemporary society's substitution of "healthy" uninhibitedness for the discipline of orthodox religion, our forfeiting of the dramatic uses of "free will."

An excellent starting point is W. David Sievers's book **"Freud on Broadway"** (Thomas Nelson, $5), which is the first full-scale attempt to catalogue our plays of the past fifty years according to the amount of Freudian (and Jungian and Adlerian) influence. Dr. Sievers's effort suffers from constant plot-retelling, and from the fact that the author, who avers that he is "neither a psychiatrist nor a Broadway drama critic," gives a cramped performance in both roles, but he includes a valuable and original survey of many leading playwrights. How much were you influenced by Freud, they were asked? Most deny any direct influence. Arthur Miller, after stating that the externalization of the unconscious is the basic problem of playwrights, sums it up this way, "Whatever I have received from Freud has come 'through the air.' . . . Analysts and analyzed people find corroboration in my plays from time to time and so I assume I have been 'influenced.' If so it is a good influence. . . . However, the schematic use of Freud in art is disastrous. The problem of art is not to dramatize Freud, to 'prove' him, but rather to go beyond and discover the total truth of the making of man—the interaction of his inherited nature with the society in which he must struggle to mature—and to so symbolize the disparate as to create 'beauty,' which is the ultimate organization of reality."

Dr. Sievers shows that since Freud the general pattern of plays has changed from one of moral conflicts, heroes, and villains to one in which the dramatist—like the psychoanalyst—makes it possible for us to say, "There but for the grace of whatever mental health I have been able to achieve go I." But another aspect of the problem Sievers does not touch. In losing a judging God, partly because of Freud and partly because of the growth of scientific society, men are flailing around trying to believe in something. And Broadway today appears to be concerned with illustrating that that something needn't be either of permanent or of celestial value. —HENRY HEWES.

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Suggestions and Symbols

—Collection of Vicomte de Noailles.

"The Old Age of William Tell," by Salvador Dali (1931)—"a tenacious impact."

By JAMES THRALL SOBY

THE influence of Sigmund Freud on twentieth-century artists has been immense. It reached a high point, probably not the last, during the active years of the surrealist movement (1924-1939). Indeed, without Freud's example and guidance the surrealist movement could never have come into being. The movement's founder and leading figure was André Breton, a psychiatrist by training who had absorbed Freud's lessons in psychoanalysis and turned with excitement to the almost limitless, exotic, and frightening territory of the subconscious mind which Freud had done so much to explore and chart. Breton communicated his excitement to the distinguished group of literary men and artists who became his colleagues; it was Freud unquestionably who accounted for Breton's definition of surrealism as "thought's dictation, all exercise of reason and every esthetic or moral preoccupation being absent." The aim of the surrealists was to refute the tyranny of the conscious mind and to release a poetic imagery of the unconscious. This imagery had always supplied a very important part of art's vocabulary. It had never before been celebrated with such ardor and system.

There was in fact an almost clinical aspect to the procedure of the surrealists during their brilliant first years. All manner of devices were tried whereby the hard crust of reason could be split or numbed so as to let the inner consciousness slip through. For example, the surrealists often experimented with a method they called "the exquisite corpse," a label derived from the title of one of the method's earliest end results. It consisted in having a group of artists and/or poets make a composite drawing, each entirely unaware of what the others had put on paper before him. And, apart from such collective experiments, many of the surrealist painters stressed the virtues of "automatic" creation; that is, of pictures achieved in a trancelike state, with accident given every conceivable play. The *frottages* of Max Ernst are a conspicuous case in point. By pushing charcoal-coated pieces of paper over a rough flooring while looking steadfastly away Ernst achieved patterns that reflect with uncanny acuteness an artistry deep in the wells of his being, beyond his mind's intervention. Some years earlier Marcel Duchamp, an ubiquitous force in surrealist art, had dropped bits of twine on a flat surface from a calculated height, had affixed the twine permanently in its haphazard position, and been pleased as an artist with the resultant linear forms.

There was, however, another aspect of surrealist art which stood in quite direct opposition to automation. Following the lead of the solitary Italian painter, Giorgio de Chirico, who in 1924 on a visit to Paris was photographed as the central personage in the surrealist lineup and shortly thereafter was read out of the Party for his return to tradition, certain painters tried to depict with the maximum precision incongruous juxtapositions of objects and scenes as suggested by their subconscious minds. Their aim was to make us accept the incredible by defining it with extreme accuracy, to restore the vividness of images recalled from dreams. Of these painters the most directly indebted to Freud was probably Salvador Dali, long since dismissed from the surrealists' ranks because of his religious, political, and esthetic beliefs, but during the early 1930s hailed by Breton and his associates as surrealism's most gifted new recruit.

Dali's paintings of 1929 to 1934 very often proposed Freudian scenarios in which childhood experiences and memories were painstakingly reconstructed with full attention to the sexual symbolism to which Freud had devoted so much of his research. The pictures were sometimes scatologic and usually referred to such discomforts of the libido as fascination with decay, fear of castration, and uncontrollable sexual desire. They were shocking pictures and meant to be; they abound in fetishes transplanted with impressive technical cunning from Krafft-Ebing's case histories—slippers, keys, hair, and so on. From Freud himself these pictures earned their author the admiring epithet, "What a fanatic!"

NOT only did Dali base his art on an engrossed reading of Freud, but he followed the doctor's example in suggesting psychoanalytical interpretations of sacrosanct legend and art. Dali's first effort in this direction was his re-reading of the story of William Tell as an account of incestuous mutilation, and René Crevel soon wrote: "As Freud resuscitated Oedipus, he [Dali] resuscitated William Tell." Dali developed his thesis in several articles and in a series of paintings executed between 1930 and 1934 whose climax is reached in "The Old Age of William Tell." The picture has a tenacious impact on the observer. It explains why Dali's youthful accomplishment still demands serious attention, however much he has tended to compromise it lately by his rather labored neo-classicism and by his error in grasping too confidently publicity's two-edged sword.

The William Tell series begun, Dali

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turned his mind to Millet's "The Angelus." Taking his cue from Freud's famous analysis of Leonardo da Vinci's "Virgin on the Lap of Saint Anne," Dali declared that Millet's image was not a religious one at all but a confession of sexual frustration. In 1933 he explained his reasoning in an article "Interprétation paranoiaquecritique de l'image obsédante 'L'Angélus' de Millet," and the bowed peasants of Millet's painting are a recurrent iconographical motif in Dali's pictures of the period. Surprisingly enough, since Dali has had no professional training in psychoanalysis, his interpretation is nearly as plausible as Freud's description of the Leonardo. It has been supported in more recent years by the rediscovery of some exceptionally vicious drawings of sexual subjects by the presumably angelic painter of "The Angelus."

If of all contemporary painters Dali has perhaps made the most specific use of Freud's discoveries, innumerable other painters have profited from the latter's deep extension of the borders of human consciousness and thought. Indeed, Freud stands as one of the principal influences on the art of our time, a fact persistently, when not ferociously, denied by those who expect artists to remain impervious to the main intellectual currents of their era and to work as though Euclid or Galileo represented the latest developments in scientific knowledge. André Breton might have been referring to abstract art from cubism to the present as well as to his fellow surrealists when he paid his eloquent tribute to Freud: "It is only by what must seem sheer luck that there has recently been brought to light an aspect of mental life with which it was supposed that we no longer had any concern. All credit for these discoveries must go to Freud. Based on these discoveries a current of opinion is forming that will enable the explorer of the human mind to extend his investigations, justified as he will be in taking into account more than mere summary realties. The imagination is perhaps on the point of reclaiming its rights."

'First of all, I think all you guys are nuts!"

FREUD IN BOOKS

A Chronicler's Conception

***"Freud: The Man and His Mind, 1856-1956," by Richard L. Schoenwald** (Alfred A. Knopf. 250 pp. $4), is a historian's analysis of the writings and life of the pioneer of psychoanalysis. Dr. Jacob Arlow, our reviewer, is a practising New York psychoanalyst.*

By Jacob Arlow, M.D.

IN OUR time, when psychotherapy touches lives of an ever-growing number of individuals, it has become practically an impossibility to treat patients without reference to the revolutionary psychoanalytic concepts of Sigmund Freud. The study of Freud perforce has become part of the training of psychiatrists and psychoanalysts to such an extent that they have been accused of exercising a parochial monopoly over the body of his ideas.

There is, it must be admitted, a considerable degree of justice to this charge. For Freud's conceptualization of the functioning of the human mind has a bearing not only on psychological theory but also on the study of esthetics, religion, anthropology, ethics, and sociology—in fact, upon all aspects of life which involve the restless, unconquerable mind of man.

To evaluate properly the broader significance of Freud's contributions requires a certain amount of distance, a vantage point of perspective beyond polemics and prudery. For this reason it was with keen anticipation that the reviewer looked forward to reading a work on Freud by a historian rather than by a professional psychologist. For the same reason Richard L. Schoenwald's "Freud, The Man and His Mind, 1856-1956" proved most disappointing. Since Freud died in 1939 the inclusion in the title of the dates 1856-1956 carries with it the implicit promise of a centennial evaluation, of an estimate of Freud in the stream of human thought. Instead, the author has presented in chronological succession capsule summaries of most of Freud's writings. These have been strung together in a timorous and inexpert fashion upon a thin and breezy thread of biographical and critical comment. Often they miss the point of the article; in some instances they are inaccurate. Almost all of the biographical and critical commentary is drawn from secondary sources.

One notable case in point is Mr. Schoenwald's repeated assertion that Freud's contributions are based primarily on metaphor. The scientific method to a large extent consists of collecting data obtained by observation and arranging such data in as integrated and with the same principle of causality meaningful a fashion as possible by elaborating some encompassing hypothesis. The next step is to devise methods to confirm or discredit the validity of the hypothesis. Like most scientists, Freud based his integrating concepts on models borrowed from other fields of investigation (biology, physics) or from the external world. The facts with which he worked, however, were derived from experience. In the history of man's study of his own nature Freud occupies a unique position precisely because he insisted upon investigating the functioning of the human mind with the same principle of causality which other scientists employ in studying the workings of the world

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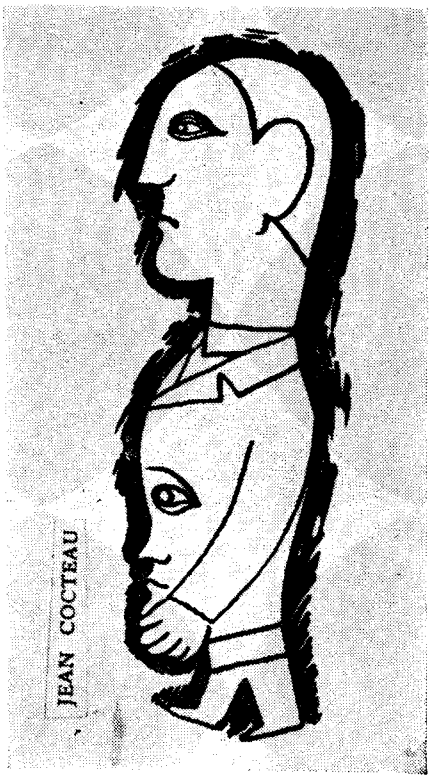

—*Bettmann Archive.*

A Cocteau version of Freud.

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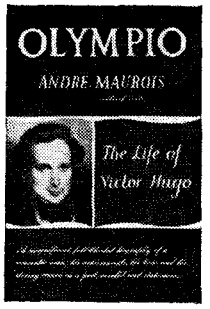

SR's Book of the Week:

"OLYMPIO"

Author: André Maurois

By EVELYN EATON

VICTOR HUGO was one of those *fortunés sur terre* whose temperament and talent accord exactly with the tastes of the country and the age into which they are born, for whom good fortune and the timing of public and private events work infallibly to consolidate and deepen reputation, who dazzle their contemporaries early, impress them permanently, and so dominate thought and fashion that they personify the spirit of their times. Their legends and monuments congeal around them before they die; it is impossible to cut them down to size, their influence spans the world.

Victor Hugo's fortune continues to this day, to his latest biographer. André Maurois has given him a brilliant book. "Olympio: The Life of Victor Hugo" (Harper, $5.95) is a volume of sparkling precisions and deep insight, a delight to read.

Hugo, as the Maurois book makes clear, was nineteenth-century France not only for his own generation but for those that followed. To many he is still the greatest of French poets. "When one considers," said Baudelaire, "the condition of French poetry before he appeared, and the new lease of life which it has enjoyed since his coming; when one thinks how narrowly restricted it would have been but for his example. . . " "Never," says André Maurois, "has a nation been so closely knit with one single body of writing." It is impossible to separate the man and his work from the associations grown around it. "Les feuilles d'Automne" are poems stored in all French memories and in some foreign ones, and that is only one small volume of his verse.

For the impact of his work consider these examples. After he wrote "Notre Dame" a Committee of Historical Monuments was set up to remodel French cathedral architecture nearer the Hugonian desire. And in 1881 his eightieth year was celebrated as a national festival. In February a triumphal arch was erected in the Avenue d'Eylau. The people of Paris marched in procession under his windows. The President of the Council represented the Government in this act of homage. The procession of six hundred thousand admirers took all day to pass the house. The following week when he entered the Senate that body rose to its feet, and Léon Say, who was presiding, said, "Genius has taken its seat; the Senate has expressed its welcome." In July the Avenue d'Eylau was renamed Avenue Victor Hugo, and his friends could address their letters "To Monsieur Victor Hugo, in his Avenue."

BORN into the height of Romanticism at a time when writers were taken and took themselves *archi* seriously, Victor Hugo accorded himself and was accorded the respect given nowadays only to statesmen like Churchill, scientists like Einstein, a great President of the United States, or the men who conquered Everest. This respect was coupled with the continual curiosity surrounding the days and the nights of a popular Hollywood star.

At twenty Hugo was already certain of worldly success, certain of fame, and certain of personal happiness . . . with just enough elevated sorrow to make possible the "Tristesse d'Olympio." From 1829 on he was "Master" to all the young men of the rising generation, and since he was a man of bursting virility master of scores of women all his life, from his marriage at twenty to the year of his death at eighty-four.

He was fortunate in his wife, Adele, and in his principal mistress, the heroic and abjectly devoted Juliette Drouet, whose place in his life he finally recognized officially by giving her a photograph of himself on what would have been their "golden anniversary" inscribed with the words *"Cinquante ans d'amour, c'est le plus beau marriage."*

Poor Juliette, it is impossible to read his treatment of her without indignation; that a man of genius, with so great a mastery of language and of rhythm, should have so little mastery of himself, should be so colossal a superegoist. How fortunate for him that his was the age of romanticism and convenient melodrama, how fortunate for him that neither he nor she had any inconvenient sense of humor!

Victor Hugo is fortunate not only in his biographer but in the choice the publishers have made of a translator. Gerard Hopkins's language is worthy of both the two French *maîtres*. *Comblé* with luck this Hugo, who here comes to life again both as a man and a writer.

THE AUTHOR: "I wanted to kill the romantic in me," says André Maurois of his first biography, "Ariel, the Life of Shelley," "and in order to do it I scoffed at it in Shelley, but I loved while I scoffed." Had Maurois succeeded in this literary murder he might never have become the sympathetic biographer of romanticism in his lives of Disraeli, Byron, Chateaubriand, George Sand, and now Victor Hugo. He would perhaps never have been elected to the French Academy, nor would he have become a *grand officer* of the Légion d'Honneur, a visiting professor at the University of Kansas City (1946), and an intimate friend of the late William Allen White of Emporia.

His own vigorous romanticism seems to have started as a reaction against the world of business, in which he spent his young manhood. He was born Emile Salomon Wilhelm Herzog in 1885 in Elbeuf, a small Norman city where his family owned a cloth mill. "I could still name every house in the Rue Barrière"; he says, "in the factory I could go about with my eyes closed; I could tell the workshops apart by the sound of the machinery, the odor of sweat, soap, or damp cloth." But the smashing hundred-thousand-copy success in 1918 of "The Silence of Colonel Bramble," the humorous product of his World War I liaison duty with the British Army, allowed him to leave the family business for a Paris literary career. In 1923 "Ariel" appeared, followed by a novel, "Bernard Quesnay," and his famous biographies, which have been translated into German, Italian, Spanish, Danish, Japanese, Swedish, Hebrew, and Finnish. After service with the Free French Forces in North Africa and Italy in World War II he spent a few years in the United States before returning to Paris, where he now lives. At the age of seventy-one he is still an active man of letters: the Comédie Francaise produced a one-act play of his last year, and will shortly produce his new full-length play, "The Queen of Hearts."

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

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A Writer Re-emerged

***"D. H. Lawrence: Novelist," by F. R. Leavis** (Alfred A. Knopf. 393 pp. $4.75), pays particular attention to "The Rainbow" and "Women in Love." Horace Gregory, who reviews it here, is the author of one of the earliest critical studies of Lawrence, "Pilgrim of the Apocalypse."*

By Horace Gregory

IN AMERICAN universities within the past five years D. H. Lawrence has reemerged as a significant figure in twentieth-century literature. It is probable that the future will regard him with a measure of the admiration and respect that we now reserve for his immediate predecessor Thomas Hardy. At this moment in the progress of Lawrence's posthumous fame F. R. Leavis's "D. H. Lawrence: Novelist," a study principally of "The Rainbow" and "Women in Love," is both salutary and rewarding.

Dr. Leavis's new book, and I think his best, is far more than a well-rounded, vigorous dissertation on its subject, and it would be all too easy to bypass it as a "controversial" essay in Laurentian criticism. The nature of Dr. Leavis's defense of Lawrence's writings involves him in a direct attack on the critical motives and sensibilities of T. S. Eliot, which in the light of Eliot's present position makes Dr. Leavis's defense seem far more "controversial" than it is. In respect to Lawrence his case against Eliot leaves little room for doubt or controversy. In dismissing Lawrence Eliot made one of the most serious critical errors of his career; more than that, the very language Eliot used in attacking Lawrence betrayed or, rather, exposed a large area of his own esthetic and moral insensibility. As Dr. Leavis points out, Eliot's dispraise of Lawrence was not redeemed by his obvious enthusiasm for such novels as "Nightwood" and the latest fiction of Wyndham Lewis as well as the critical writings of John Middleton Murry. These errors run far deeper than those of casual literary opinion, and Eliot's misreadings of Lawrence have the air of being both deliberate and disingenuous.

Dr. Leavis has the advantage of viewing Lawrence at some distance (in time at least) from the gossip and quarrels of the Laurentian cult which prospered so famously during the latter years of the 1920s. In this connection Dr. Leavis is right in placing Catherine Carswell's book "The Savage Pilgrimage" as the best of the Laurentian memoirs which were published soon after Lawrence's death, and he also pays just tribute to Aldous Huxley's editing of Lawrence's letters.

He is probably right in suggesting that Lawrence as novelist had assimilated a lesson learned from a reading of "The Mill on the Floss," but since he has great difficulty in establishing George Eliot as one of Lawrence's literary "ancestors" he would have been wiser to have accepted in her stead Lawrence's acknowledged debts to the fiction and poetry of Thomas Hardy. For some obscure reason, and one that I cannot discern, Dr. Leavis disclaims lyrical elements in Lawrence's prose and yet speaks of the poetic insight which is so clearly shown in the religious fiber of his tales and novels. It may be that Dr. Leavis, since he is presenting "The Rainbow" and "Women in Love" as major works of fiction, fears he will weaken his case should he admit that Lawrence possessed, among other gifts of his genius, those of a lyric poet. In discussing Lawrence Dr. Leavis fights shy of poetry—which is to be regretted, for if he had not done so his case against the incipient trivialities of Eliot's "The Cocktail Party" would have been conclusive, and so would his contention that Lawrence's "St. Mawr" is superior to "The Waste Land," which in his book remains an incompleted argument.

ASIDE from the issue of poetry itself, Dr. Leavis's book is the first mature study of Lawrence that successfully relates the writing of "The Rainbow" and "Women in Love" to Lawrence's short stories, his letters, and his critical prose. The study leads Dr. Leavis to an important definition of Lawrence's genius, one that explains the "health" Dr. Leavis speaks of in Lawrence's writings. As he discusses the superiority of "The Rainbow" over "Sons and Lovers" he says:

> . . . those who talk as if Lawrence had been warped for life or in some way disabled by the strain set up in babyhood would be hard put to it to assemble any weight of critical evidence from the writings. There is in fact no more impressive mark of his genius than what he did with his "misfortune": he turned it into insight. It was a triumph of supreme intelligence—the intelligence that is inseparable from imagination and self-knowledge.

F. R. Leavis—"moral seriousness and wit."

From the phrase "self-knowledge," which is classical in its associations and is also the first step that a great writer makes toward the creation of a world beyond mere self-confession and understanding, Dr. Leavis builds up his case for "Women in Love," an argument which for the intelligent reader makes the scope and power of that novel comparable in strength to Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain." But, unlike Mann's impressive work, "Women in Love" moves toward "health," toward the forces of life rather than those of death.

It is this element of "health" in "The Rainbow" and in "Women in Love" that places them so far above the minor "self-confessions" of "Nightwood," which is a document that scarcely transcends the more popular and sentimental revelations of "The Well of Loneliness." Dr. Leavis's book is a necessary corrective to irresponsible opinions concerning Lawrence's genius as well as Lawrence's serious criticism of the age in which he lived and which is our world of the twentieth century.

Aside from its merits as a study of Lawrence's fiction, Dr. Leavis's book is excellent in its own right. He has sloughed the formidable jargon of his own critical quarterly, *Scrutiny*, which has now ceased publication. In the inspiration he has received from Lawrence he has not sacrificed his moral seriousness and wit.

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Epitapher of the Expatriates

—Cedric Wright.

Henry Miller—"famous . . . notorious."

"My Friend Henry Miller: An Intimate Portrait," by Alfred Perlès *(John Day. 256 pp. $4), and* ***"The Time of the Assassins," by Henry Miller*** *(New Directions. 183 pp. $3), provide Robert Halsband with an occasion to consider the work and significance of a colorful literary figure whose books have a way of disturbing censors.*

By Robert Halsband

IT WOULD be fair to describe Henry Miller as both famous and notorious. His two important novels, "The Tropic of Cancer" and "The Tropic of Capricorn," still banned in this country and Great Britain, have served to build his reputation with prurient tourists and with serious readers and literary critics. For the latter groups he has continued to produce writings in many forms. He could never have written (or published) the "Tropics" if he had not settled in Paris, as he did in 1930 at the age of almost forty, leaving behind his literary frustrations and failures. In his own words, he became a "cosmological writer" who preferred the "anarchic life." Since his writings were essentially autobiographical he was, paradoxically, being doubly creative in that he created a life in Paris and then recreated it in his books. In a wider sense, as Edmund Wilson has remarked, he wrote "the epitaph for the whole generation which migrated to France after the [First World] War."

One of Miller's intimate friends in Paris was Alfred Perlès, originally a Viennese. In "Remember to Remember" Miller devotes several pages to describing him. One sentence stands out: "Rogue, scallywag, buffoon that he was, he was nevertheless sensitive to the extreme." Perlès has now retaliated—and proved the last part of the sentence—by writing a full-length study of Miller which contains a detailed account of their friendship during the time they were together.

The main facts of Miller's biography are, of course, familiar from his own uninhibited writings. Perlès fills in one slice of it with intimate and revealing detail, particularly about the two years when they shared an apartment in Clichy, the workingmen's district on the edge of Paris. (For five months, more recently, he stayed with the Millers at Big Sur, California, but this section of his book is less fresh, with something of the feature-article interview about it.) His vivid account of their carefree slaphappy life is at the same time objective and sympathetic. When he tells, for example, of Miller's predilection for the sordid and diseased he adds that these qualities were the opposite of Miller's own. When Miller returned from his excur-

(*Continued on page 47*)

HENRY MILLER was in New York recently, on a visit from his present home at Big Sur, California. Rochelle Girson had a long and pleasant chat with him, during which he told her:

• I didn't begin to write until I was thirty-three. If I were ever counseling anyone I would say delay as long as possible. Unless you are a poet. A poet can begin at any age; he doesn't need any knowledge of life. . . .

• The fact of being censored acts as a boomerang to the censors. Instead of my books being killed off by that it only brought them more and more to the attention of people, and all the young people going to Europe look up my books. That business of banning the books here only made them go all around the world. And of course they were sneaked in here—many thousands. . . .

• The first book which aroused so much attention was "The Tropic of Cancer." It was about my immediate life in Paris, which was then the life of an exile living on the French without money, who had to use his wits to live, which brought me into contact with the strangest people. They were all kinds—rogues, prostitutes, wastrels, people whom you wouldn't meet if you were living an ordinary life; and in talking of them I would transcribe their language. I had reached a point of desperation when I wrote that book. I had written three that weren't published and was finally at the end of my rope. That was how I got my start, by being completely defeated, and then I found I could write; I found my own voice. . . . No, I wouldn't [eliminate the obscenity in "Tropic of Cancer" to get it published here], because it is so integral a part of the book that it would destroy the whole value of the book from a literary standpoint. It doesn't stand out like expletives, coarse words, but in the characters' talk it comes out continually—well, I don't know what the book would look like without it. . . .

• I am considered quite a realistic writer because I am writing about living people and today and so on, and yet I don't consider myself a realist at all because I employ every device. I use dream sequences frequently and fantasy and humor and surrealistic things, everything and anything which will deepen and heighten this thing called reality, because what people call reality is not reality in my mind. I am not only telling the truth; I am telling the whole truth, which is in your whole being and not just the surface truth, do you see? I don't like the realist writers at all—the journalistic writers, so-called hard-boiled writers. We are being cheated by them, because we are many things; we are a great universe. Just to describe our acts, our sexual life, our conflicts that are external, that's nothing. There's the inner force, which is so much more important. There's no such thing as an objective view of things which is the truth. It is all colored by one's own vision. . . .

• I hope to go off the deep end, and by that I mean that I am going to write, if I wish, absolute nonsense. You know, I love a man like Lewis Carroll. "Alice in Wonderland"—what a delightful thing and how great it was! I believe that when you write freely and easily and joyously, even if it doesn't make sense, that you do more good than when you write seriously with all your heart and soul and are trying to convince people. We have underestimated humor as a leavening, as something to unloosen people and make them think.

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Makers of Our Times

***"Through These Men," by John Mason Brown** (Harper. 302 pp. $4), is a collection of sketches of American public men who helped shape our era, many of which originally appeared in* SR. *Philip Hamburger of* The New Yorker *editorial staff reviews it here.*

By Philip Hamburger

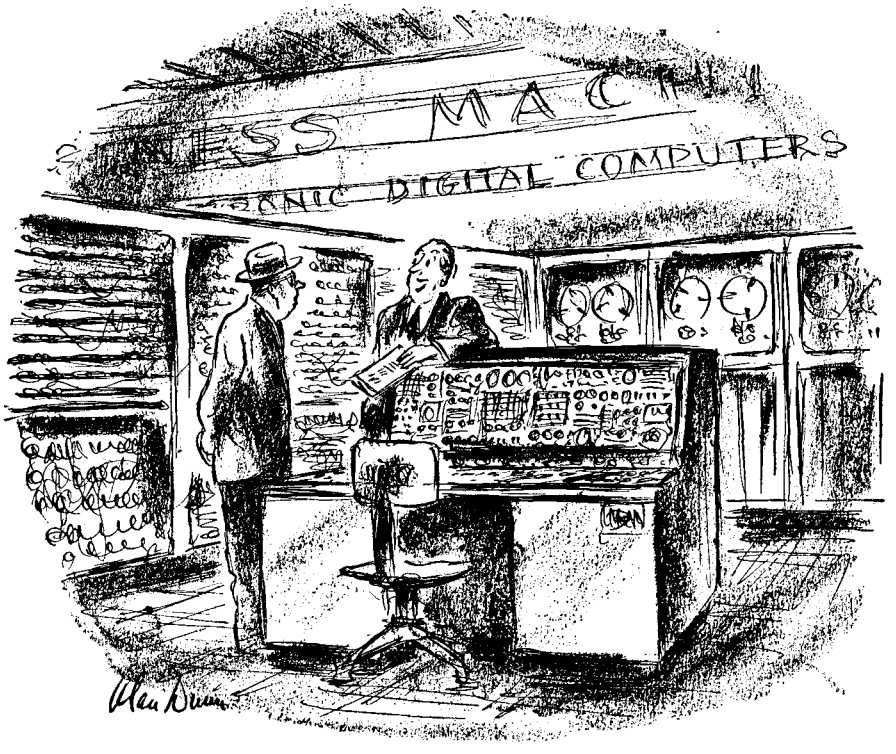
IN "Through These Men" John Mason Brown sets sail upon the turbulent, dangerous waters of contemporary domestic affairs. He could not have contemplated his journey with complacence. He posed for himself the difficult task of telling something of our life and times here in the United States through the medium of outstanding personalities of our current era, rather than through straight exposition or narrative history. To discuss history through the eyes of people who make it is a hazardous undertaking. For one thing, a whole group of readers, right at the start, and with nothing better to do, may complain about the cast of characters. "Did I hear you mention Harry S. Truman, Felix Frankfurter, and J. Robert Oppenheimer?" I can imagine one group of readers saying. "You did, eh? Well, they have nothing whatsoever to do with our affairs except in a rather poor sort of way, and we will thank you for our hats and coats!"

Similarly, one can imagine another group of readers remarking, with equal shrillness, "What was that about Dwight Eisenhower, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Walter Lippmann? Impressive contributors to twentieth-century America, eh? *Our* hats and coats please!" In other words, to labor the obvious, you can't please everybody, especially when dealing with persons who have been involved in huge movements and events. To his vast credit, Mr. Brown charted his course, picked his crew, weighed his anchor, stayed on the bridge, and, 302 pages later, brought his ship into port, shipshape and triumphant.

There are several reasons for Mr. Brown's success, but most of them, I suspect, come right back to Mr. Brown and his antiquated attitudes toward life. This type of man is almost as obsolete as the dodo. In a cynical time, he is without despair. In a time of violent partisanship, he is able to see the other fellow's side of the story. In a time of rancor and high voices, he maintains his innate graciousness and his even-toned felicity of approach. He is that dreadful old bird, a liberal, tolerant of everything except intolerance.

MR. BROWN tell his story well. He has aptly subtitled it "Some Aspects of Our Passing History," and at the outset he disclaims any of the attributes of the political pundit. "As a critic of books and the theatre," he writes, "I approach the field of government and politics nervous in the knowledge that I am trespassing on the property of experts. I trust they will forgive me and not think that I mistake my interest for authority." Mr. Brown takes us on a long and exciting journey—through the two conventions of 1952, through the campaigns (with studies of Eisenhower and Stevenson as campaigners), through the last days of President Truman in the White House (a remarkable picture of a calm, genial, busy man, dedicated to the orderly transition of government). Mr. Brown has skipped few of the highlights of these past few strange years: Nixon's television defense of Nixon during the campaign, the McCarthy hearings, President Eisenhower and press conferences, Stevenson's continuing, questing, round-the-world education of Stevenson, to name a few. For the most part Mr. Brown has relied upon generally available sources, but he has marshalled his events and his cast of characters in an orderly and beguiling manner. From time to time he goes into asides, such as his penetrating sketches of Justice Frankfurter, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Walter Lippmann. It is in these that he demonstrates most forcefully his cast-iron fair-mindedness. (Incidentally, the one on Lodge has a wealth of new material, or at least new to me.)

Mr. Brown's final chapter, "In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer," is a masterly job—lucid, compassionate, angry, sorrowful, and ashamed. It is a *tour de force* of comprehension and compression. "Few ever believed Oppenheimer guilty of disloyalty," he concludes, "but more and more Americans have come to feel guilty themselves because of what he was forced to endure. Our shame for the injustice done him in our name and allegedly in our interest in part explains the wide esteem in which he is now held. In his presence it is not his mind alone which makes us uneasy. It is our consciences."



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Fabulous Frisco

"Bay Window Bohemia," by Oscar Lewis *(Doubleday. 248 pp. $3.95), is a popularly written account of San Francisco's literary life before the Great Fire of 1906. William Hogan, literary editor of* The San Francisco Chronicle, *reviews it below.*

By William Hogan

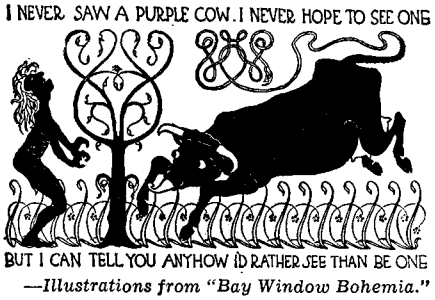
ON April 18 San Francisco observed the fiftieth anniversary of its great earthquake and fire, heralded in story and song since Charles K. Field observed a distillery standing amidst the devastation and noted:

If, as they say, God spanked the town
For being over-frisky—
Why did He burn the churches down
And spare Hotaling's whiskey?

Oscar Lewis, a native son, has used the anniversary of the fire, as they like to call it there (not the quake), as a peg to set down another portrait of late nineteenth-century San Francisco. This one concentrates on the literary, theatrical, journalistic, and gourmet society of the decade and a half that preceded the 1906 disaster.

Will Irwin described the city of that time as "the gayest, lightest-hearted, most pleasure-loving city on the Western continent." It seemed to range between Sodom and Gomorrah, as Herbert Asbury pictured it in "Barbary Coast," and high-toned flamboyance, as Lewis pictured it in his own account of the Palace Hotel, "Bonanza Inn." A platoon of other local litterateurs has left little more to say of the era of Jack London, George Sterling, Ambrose Bierce, Frank Norris, and other bohemians of varying degrees of talent and eccentricity. Yet Lewis has come up with a lighthearted variation on the San Francisco theme; his anecdotage is abundant and for the most part fresh.

Happily, Lewis dotes on restaurants in this epicure's Elysium, as he calls it,



—Illustrations from "Bay Window Bohemia."

Gelett Burgess's famous "Purple Cow" poem.

George Sterling, Stewart Edward White, Jack London—"talent and eccentricity."

where down-at-the-pockets writers could dine well for fifteen cents on weekdays, two-bits on Sundays, and when in funds moved on to such four-bit houses as Pop Coppa's, the Fly-trap, or Poulet d'Or, which its non-Gallic patrons corrupted verbally into the Poodle Dog of today. Lewis's accounts of dishes such as Coppa's chicken portola, baked in a sawed-off cocoanut, may be murder on the latter-day calorie-counter, but it makes for extremely pleasant reading.

San Francisco of that time supported the theatre avidly; looked up to Jim Corbett as something of a folk hero; and recognized young Mr. Hearst's flare for popular journalism when he hired Ambrose Bierce to produce a vitriolic, circulation-getting daily column. Free-lance writers and artists had local outlets on the wildly-competing, uninhibited newspapers and a variety of home-grown magazines.

As the sand dunes filled with an architecture typified by the sun-catching bay window, bohemia spilled to Oakland's hills, where a group spearheaded by the "poet of the Sierra," Joaquin Miller, set up headquarters; then to Carmel, where a sect led by Mary Austin introduced a veritable local soviet in an effort to protect the hamlet's primitive charms.

"A little of Paris, a little of Pekin," San Francisco of the era was a community of non-conformists, and Lewis writes of it affectionately. April 18, 1906, in effect ended San Francisco's nineteenth century. It was "the violent close of one phase of the city's evolution and the opening of a new."

Island Envoys

"Yankees in Paradise," by Bradford Smith *(J. B. Lippincott. 379 pp. $5), is an informal social history of the first three decades of the Hawaiian Kingdom, with a final summing up to the present day. Darwin Teilhet, our reviewer, has written several novels with a Hawaiian background.*

By Darwin Teilhet

EXPECTING to be devoured by the heathen savages, Lucy Thurston first sighted the island of Hawaii one March morning in 1820. She was aboard the brig *Thaddeus*, with her newly ordained husband and a small band of missionaries sent out by the American Board from Boston to convert the heathens. That morning men went ashore, to return later with the news which thankfully Lucy wrote down that evening in her journal: "Kamehameha is dead;—his son Liholiho is King;—the *kapus* are abolished;—the temples are destroyed. There has been war. Now there is peace."

More than forty years before the brig *Thaddeus* anchored in the bay of Kailua, as a young chief Kamehameha had welcomed Captain Cook here, at this same bay, and for all Lucy knew he might have been one of the savages who had killed poor Captain Cook. Now, she learned, Kamehameha had been dead for more than a year after all those years of fighting and conquering and unifying seven of the chain of eight islands. His son, Liholiho, fat and slothful, was King. Influenced by his women, young Liholiho had overthrown the islands' idols and broken all the *kapus*, even to abolishing the humiliating *ai kapu* that punished women by death for eating with their men.

In that March month of 1820 Lucy Thurston came to Hawaii at the precise moment in Hawaiian history when a thousand-year-old Polynesian matriarchal system of religion and government was in its death convulsions; and in his "Yankees in Paradise" Bradford Smith appropriately picks this dramatic moment as his starting point for his literate and lively account of the first decades of the precariously established Hawaiian Kingdom.

Fifty-two years after landing at Kailua Bay Lucy Thurston finished her journals, "The Life and Times of Mrs. Lucy G. Thurston." Of the hundreds of early journals by the early

(*Continued on page* 48)

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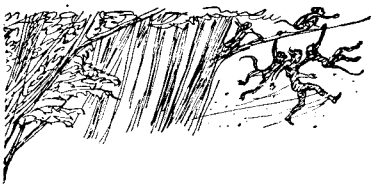
FICTION

A Master's Mixture



"Kipling: A Selection of His Stories and Poems," edited by John Beecroft *(Doubleday. Vol. 1, 531 pp. Vol. 2, 505 pp. $7.50), provides readers of the sixth decade of the twentieth century with a chance to rediscover the accomplishments of a writer popular in the first decade who has been out of fashion in the years between.*

By Ben Ray Redman

IN THE dear dead days when Victoria was still Queen and no British prime minister had even dreamed of presiding over the liquidation of the Empire, when Martinis held bullets instead of olives, young Rudyard Kipling won literary fame and fortune at a stroke. The critics and the great reading public both took him to their hearts. This happy state of affairs continued for a while, but soon the critics began to fall away. What they had hailed as art was now dismissed as journalism; they spoke no longer of inspiration, but of glibness and facility. And with the attack upon Kipling's manner there came a more formidable attack upon his matter and the spirit that gave it life.

When he first burst upon the British literary scene and during his most fecund decade, the 1890s, Kipling spoke not only to his readers but for them. In his writings, which glorified the Empire and the Englishman's exalted, responsible place in the great scheme of things, they read what they had often thought, but ne'er so well expressed. Then gradually there came a change in the climate of ideas, a change in which Kipling refused or was unable to participate, and as a result he began to hear himself denounced as an old-fashioned imperialist and jingo.

As the years went by his reputation continued to suffer among readers who took their literature and their own literary opinions seriously. During the skeptical and frivolous 1920s the leaders of literary fashion had scant patience with Kipling's harping on Law and Discipline, Duty and Obedience, Energy and Efficiency. During the politically earnest 1930s, when the recruiting sergeants of the Left were rivaling Hamlin's Pied Piper, Kipling's belief in the necessity of a governing elite—a belief that had been nurtured in an India where British were outnumbered by natives in the ratio of 40,000 to one—brought down upon his head the nasty name of Fascist. And during the 1940s, as ambiguity and obscurity rose in critical esteem, his stock fell still lower on the critical exchange. How could it have been otherwise, when to look for ambiguity or obscurity in Kipling is as vain as to look for whales in the Euxine Sea?

The critics forsook him, but the public that reads only for its own pleasure did not. John Beecroft's two volumes of selected prose and verse are but the latest of many answers to a demand that has persisted steadily for decades. And there have been, I think, sound reasons for the demand.

Matthew Arnold has remarked that "the friends of one's youth cannot always support a return to them." Kipling can, I believe, support such a return—triumphantly. It is difficult, of course, for anyone who was joyously steeped in his work during the early years of the century to view it with critical detachment in the year 1956. But it is not impossible. One can recognize and discard the trivial, the shoddy, the slick, the didactic, the brash, the immature elements and still be left with a large body of writing that can be enjoyed without shame and admired without apology.

That Kipling's verse flies far below the upper reaches of poetry is obvious, but it is verse of great verve, variety, technical virtuosity, and remarkable memorability; and the best of it is shot through with phrases of rare felicity. One way of measuring its worth is to compare it with the verse of its countless imitators.

As for the short stories there are those who think, like Somerset Maugham, that in this field Kipling has no peer in English. Indeed, it is difficult to dispute the claim if we stick to the master's best and eliminate from the argument all the elements mentioned above. His range is wide, his variety as nearly infinite as one could wish. He has proved himself master of tragedy, comedy, melodrama, nightmare, farce, and fantasy; he has written the best polo story in the world and one of the best bull-fight stories. His failure in the novel form, his failure to keep even "Kim" unblemished, is heavily outweighed in the literary balance by his successful shorter fiction. And this includes the tales he wrote for children, young and old. The "Just So Stories" are already classics. The "Jungle Books" promise to be as sound of wind as Mowgli himself. With "Puck of Pook's Hill" Kipling struck pure gold.

Mr. Beecroft will find a host of us ready to tell him what he should have put in and what he should have left out. But we must accompany whatever advice we may have to give with thanks for what he has done.

". . . verse of verve, variety, virtuosity . . .

—Illustrations from the book.

. . . memorability and rare felicity."

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Intellectual Quartet

"New Short Novels 2," by Norman Mailer, John Phillips, Dachine Rainer, and Wallace Stegner *(Ballantine Books. 149 pp. Clothbound, $2. Paperbound, 35¢), is the second in a projected annual series of "original writing in the novelette form."*

By William Peden

"NEW SHORT NOVELS 2" might well bear the subtitle "The Dilemma of the Metropolitan American Intellectual." Either by coincidence or design, all four of these short novels depict the frustration of highly intelligent human beings. All but one have New York City as their setting. They are still further similar in their exhalation of a grimy odor of anxiety or defeat as palpable as the miasma of rusting iron and wilting undergarments which occasionally hovers in the damp morning air of downtown Manhattan.

Characteristic is Norman Mailer's "The Man Who Studied Yoga," originally intended as a prologue to his projected mammoth eight-part novel of which "Deer Park" was the first. This depicts a bilious day in the life of a frustrated ex-bohemian, Sam Slovoda, who dreams of being a serious novelist, but is forced to make an unhappy living writing continuity for the comic magazines. Around the unusual *deus ex machina* of a pornographic movie Mailer creates a memorable group of thwarted intellectuals seeking "to live in such a way as to avoid pain and succeeding merely in avoiding pleasure."

Similarly, literary editor Hugh Merril of John Phillips's "The Engines of Hygeia," whose spiritual obituary, pronounced by his dying wife, is in effect the swan song of all the Sam Slovodas and the Hugh Merrils and their tired, anxious peers: "You could have had anything you wanted if you hadn't been afraid." The deterioration of Merril is convincing and disturbing; in spite of a tendency toward the slickly superficial Mr. Phillips has produced what is probably the best of these short novels, one which confirms the ability he displayed in his first novel, "The Second Happiest Day."

The most disappointing piece in the collection is Dachine Rainer's "A Room at the Inn." The first "major" fictional work by a competent poet, this avowed *roman à clef* might conceivably delight the cognoscenti who will recognize the originals of Miss Rainer's Auntie Mame and the generally smelly group of broken-down intellectuals, alcoholics, drug addicts, and assorted odd-balls who inhabit her decaying Greenwich Village mansion. This reviewer, however, found the story dull, overlong, and written in a curiously grinding prose calculated to set one's teeth on edge.

—Henry A. Hagel.

Peter DeVries (and daughter)—"guffaws."

WALLACE STEGNER'S "Field Guide to the Western Birds" depicts our now-familiar intellectual—in this case an ex-literary agent who has deserted Madison Avenue for Southern California—analyzing the habits and mores of the very rich. In Arnold Kaminski, glandular genius of the piano and frightened fraud, Mr. Stegner has produced one of his better characters; but his narrative method seems uneconomical, to say the least; and the frequent soggy sections make it difficult to believe that this craftsman is working in the same form which Henry James called the "blest" and "shapely" *nouvelle*.

This second volume in a projected annual series of "original writing in the novelette form" is inferior to its predecessor. The project is an admirable one; yet there must be some better, more varied, short novels around than one or two of these. It is regrettable to have to add that the book is an unhappy example of slovenly proofreading; the high frequency of typographical errors—somewhere between fifty and one hundred—is an actual barrier between reader and author. Someone went to sleep here.

Exurbia Impaled

"Comfort Me with Apples," by Peter De Vries *(Little, Brown. 280 pp. $3.50), is a new comedy of domestic life in Connecticut by the author of "The Tunnel of Love."*

By Al Hine

IN "Comfort Me with Apples" Peter De Vries has retained his happy gift of cramming over two hundred pages with jokes, gags, puns, and witticisms which can cause a reader to choke and even occasionally to laugh aloud. The narrative connecting these stimulants to mirth is not quite as engrossing as that of his earlier "The Tunnel of Love" and, truth to tell, the jokes themselves as the book moves along don't seem to be of quite so high a caliber, but "Comfort Me with Apples" is still head and shaking shoulders above the run-of-the-mine comic novel of today. It would be a cruel critic who, only mildly tittering over some of its last laughs, forgot the full-blooded guffaws of its first half.

This is the story of Chick Swallow, shirtsleeve philosopher-in-spite-of-himself, husband-in-spite-of-himself, of his wife, Crystal, his brother-in-law Nickie Sherman, of their trials and triangulations. They live in Decency, Conn., a town as near to and as far from reality as the Avalon of Mr. De Vries's earlier novel. How Chick Swallow tries to find gainful employment and approximately normal life for his *fin de siècle* brother-in-law and instead finds himself involved with the glandular local bluestocking, Mrs. Thicknesse, as well as with extortionists, petty thieves, and other exotic Connecticut fauna, is the basis of a plot which is not entirely necessary (possibly even desirable) to follow.

For what wots plot when Mr. De Vries can give us lines like: "She had caught a heavy cold in a movie air-conditioned for her comfort" and ". . . rumpus rooms finished in that wallboard that resembles Ry-Krisp"? Such happy comments impale our present state of civilization on a much-needed pin.

Nor is Mr. De Vries any less adept at the purely domestic situation. For example, take a scene in which our hero has just given his wife permission to decorate the living room with vacation mementoes and resort souvenir *objets d'art.* " 'This is sweet of you, Chick,' she said as she screwed a bulb into the jaws of a plaster alligator from Florida, the other end of

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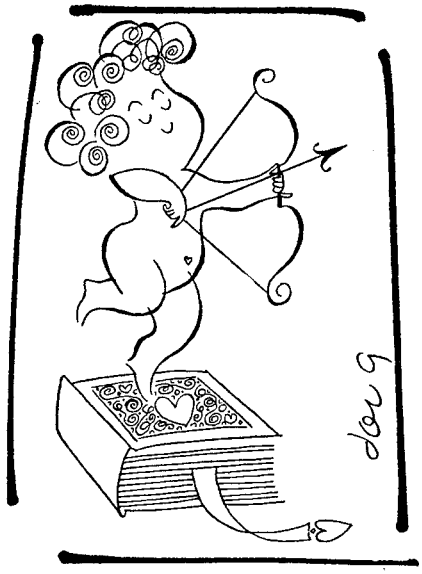
which was plugged into a socket of my brain, such suffering. 'It makes the place more homey.'"

Though it is a genuinely funny book it suffers by comparison with its forerunner in that there seems less real interest (by the writer and thence from the reader) in the characters and their problems. There is much more that could be said profitably about "Comfort Me with Apples"—its resemblance in genre to the recent British productions of Kingsley Amis and John Wain, the occasional sheer delight in word-play that reminds you of some of the prose of Dylan Thomas—but not enough space properly to say it in. If it is something of a let-down from "The Tunnel of Love" it is still, like "Tunnel," a serious attempt at new ways in fictional humor by a writer of importance.

I hope Mr. De Vries is already working on his next. I can't wait to read it.

THE STORY OF DAVID STORY: Often there comes into a life the irresistible need to make the retrospective pilgrimage, happy or unhappy journey as it may be, back to some place or person. This particular need comes to Dave Story, the narrator in William Du Bois's **"A Season to Beware"** (Putnam, $3.95), immediately after his forty-fourth birthday, a time when he finds himself subject to attacks of "chronic adolescence" and compulsions to excel again in the courts of love or tennis. A surprise visit and a letter combine to take Dave, whose pattern of life is that now identified as Exurbanite, to Florida, reforming in his mind the odd triangle that had haunted his earlier years. In Florida he finds Julia, the daughter of a gifted Professor of English, who saw herself as the inspirer and nurturer of talent but who actually lived like an emotional leech upon that talent while fancying herself to be sacrificing all for its fostering. There also is Tony, the school and college friend for whom, by some compulsion, Dave had always found it necessary to smooth the way, assume the burden, or yield the opportunity. Tony was a graceful parasite, taking the aid, the girl, the jobs from Dave as if they were inevitably and naturally his due.

In reappraising these lives Mr. Du Bois has captured well the generation now in its forties, and the obsessional hold that Julia and Tony maintain upon Dave is painfully drawn. But for me the notable thing is that Mr. Du Bois does not bewail Dave's long emotional captivity in terms of loss, waste, or dire mistake; the errors and unrealities of the past have been the unplanned instruments of the sound,



the good, the constructive, and Mr. Du Bois's interesting and highly adult novel carries the thought that if a man has built a relatively sound life perhaps even the follies that preceded it are to be regarded as some of the stones upon which it has been built.

—EDMUND FULLER.

THE DEVIL AND GIDEON BRIGGS: Let it be said at once that **"Greenwillow,"** by B. J. Chute (Dutton, $3.50), is not a novel for the sophisticate or the cynic, for Miss Chute's characters are simple folk who are rooted in the earth.

But from the very beginning she creates a mood which seduces the reader into entering the village of Greenwillow. She does it with the introduction of the Reverend Birdsong, a gentleman who arrived one May morning "carrying in one hand a wicker case and in the other an open umbrella full of white-cupped hawthorne blossoms." He said the Bishop had sent him, but this couldn't be true since Greenwillow already had a minister in the person of the Reverend Lapp, a gentleman who preached about damnation and hellfire and the Devil. It was the curse of the Briggs that most tortured the soul of the Reverend Lapp. For generations the first son of every Briggs family had heard a call to abandon wife, children, and home, and to leave for places unknown. The voice that called, the Reverend Lapp was certain, was that of the Devil, and it was his duty, he felt, to exorcise the evil spirit in the presence of his first son, Gideon Briggs. Mr. Birdsong, however, was more concerned in watching the growing love between Gideon and Dorrie, a lovely sixteen-year-old orphan whom he admired for her beauty as well as for her excellent pastries.

While the conflict between the two ministers runs as a silver, laughing thread in the background of her tale, it is Miss Chute's description of the Briggs family that gives it its richness and humor and folk beauty. There is Gramma, earthly and salty, who speaks of her toothless mouth as "no chairs in the parlor." There is Martha, the daughter-in-law, who accepts the curse of the Briggs and contentedly carries a newly-conceived child left by her husband on his recent two-night visit. And, of course, there are Gideon, who fearfully awaits *his* call, and his five younger brothers and sisters, each conceived as he had been, during the brief moments of their father's periodic returns.

To their portrayal, to their close kinship to each other, and to the animals they cherish and the land they love Miss Chute brings a tender understanding of simple human beings that makes her book sing, and in the end she tidily winds up her tale with a final word for Mr. Birdsong who, his work finished, leaves as mysteriously as he had arrived.

—ROSE FELD.

ANTONIA'S HOME-GROWN ANALYSIS: Antonia Fleming, the victim in Elizabeth Jane Howard's second novel, **"The Long View"** (Reynal, $3.75), attracts "people most likely to precipitate her doom." When we see her first in 1950 at the age of forty-three she has quite thoroughly succeeded in making her life a failure. Her husband has ceased to love her, and her children are well on their way to their dooms. But, though everything seems a mess beyond retrieve, Antonia tries by a kind of self-analysis to get a long view that will give her the partial satisfaction of understanding herself. She goes backwards in time: 1942, 1937, 1927, 1926. Back to when she was 35, 30, 20, 19; to where her husband, Conrad, first appears as the possible savior of a situation from which she must escape. As a result "The Long View" reveals with a good deal of penetration how Antonia's middle age depends upon her youth. At nineteen, as the unsuccessful rival of her mother for the love of a feckless man, she turns to Conrad unknowledgeably and from here on goes steadily to her ruin. The technique of the novel is as familiar as psychoanalysis, and Miss Howard handles the going back from now to then with skill and perceptiveness. She is able to make Antonia pathetic and silly, Conrad a witty and selfish man who is never a villain out of melodrama. Her touch is sure with detail and even the minor characters—the children, Conrad's mistress, and the parents—are credible and inter-

(*Continued on page* 44)

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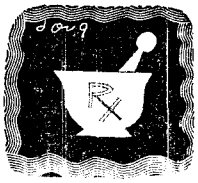


Men of Medicine

Three Doctors' Lives Reviewed by Rhoda Truax

TEXAS SURGEON: Fifty-eight years ago nervous young Doc Crosthwait operated upon the wife of a pioneer ranchman in a Texas cabin, while outside the window a toughie twirled his lariat and said, "If anything happens to Aunt Bess, Doc done took his last stitch."

Since then Doc has seen a heap o'doctorin', and he tells us about it in **"The Last Stitch,"** by William L. Crosthwait, M.D., as told to Ernest G. Fisher (Lippincott, $3.50). At first we tend to smile in a superior manner, for we are familiar with this stock figure: the salty, garrulous, lovable horse-and-buggy doctor who was taught medicine (to quote Dr. John Shaw Billings) "as you teach boys how to swim, by throwing them in," but who makes up for his deficiencies by constant study. As we read on, however, our smile becomes warmer; Doc emerges as a real person.

The book, too, has a genuine homemade flavor that is refreshing in these days of highly polished slick writing. When, for example, the author can't remember something he doesn't mind saying so. Or he will tell a story he insists is funny even though he had no luck with it when he told it to an audience of Northerners unfamiliar with its strictly Southern phrases. "By the time I went into these details the story itself was lost," he admits; and he adds, "I don't hear you laughing, either."

Most of the book is devoted to Doc's early days; we are in the tenth of its twelve chapters before we reach

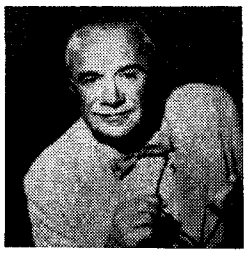
World War I. This is fortunate, for Dr. Crosthwait is at his best in describing his boyhood in Mississippi, his practice in the small towns and larger cities of Texas. His own best work and his halcyon days, however, came late in life. Born eighty-three years ago last May 2, Dr. Crosthwait has taken his last stitch; but he is still active, still enthusiastic about life and philosophical about death—like another grand old man of medicine he describes who, when someone suggested that he make his peace with the Lord, replied, "Look here, lady, me and the Lord have never had a falling out."

PARIS SURGEON: The jacket of **"A Paris Surgeon's Story,"** by Charles F. Bove, M.D., with Dana Lee Thomas (Little, Brown, $4.50), assures us that Dr. Bove is a talented raconteur. But this description, if true, only serves to remind the reader that a story which

rings true at a dinner party does not necessarily ring true in print. Occasionally the doctor passes one along that makes you wonder whether he has his tongue in his cheek: *e.g.*, his tale of President Faure of France, who, he says, "was found dead of a cerebral hemorrhage, stretched out on the Champs Elysées, with his hand clutching the hair of a woman so tightly in its *rigor mortis* that the police had to cut off her hair to free her." The details of the death, he says, "were hushed up by the Government. . . ." There is also little charm to be found in those of his pages which are burdened with such sentences as: "There is no accounting for women" or "There is more to life than meets the casual eye" or "Why is it that a surgeon's time is taken up so much with tragic, broken women?" Fortunately, however, the last part of his book does not contain this type of material. When the Nazis entered Paris Dr. Bove, being an American citizen, was, he says, able to escape to the South, and it is on this flight that he becomes real and important. He curses himself for forgetting that he had a few biscuits which he could have given to the starving little girl whose leg he set, and he describes pathetic French soldiers who, with their arms about their exhausted horses, talked so that "the horses seemed to understand." Such scenes add to one's understanding of an important period of history. It is too bad that Dr. Bove did not spend more time telling *his* story and less in simply telling stories.

MANHATTAN DOCTOR: "Bellevue Is My Home," by Salvatore R. Cutolo, M.D., with Arthur and Barbara Gelb (Doubleday, $4), is in a sense a biography rather than an autobiography, the hero being New York City's Bellevue Hospital and not its Deputy Medical Superintendent. However, as Dr. Cutolo conducts us through this, the world's largest municipal hospital—a city in itself, with a "population" averaging close to 10,000, and perhaps another 10,000 pouring in on visiting days—we come to know him indirectly, and to like what we know.

It is by no means an Inferno through which this unassuming Virgil conducts us—not even when he shows us the psychiatric wards, which are synonymous with Bellevue to some people although they are no more or less important than the other eighty-odd wards devoted to obstetrics, pediatrics, surgery, rehabilitation, and the many other specialties. We are always shown the more hopeful side, the steady progress that has been made on the scientific and the humanitarian level. Dr. Cutolo is fully aware of the fact that as science adds years



to life it becomes of prime importance to add life to years. This he shows clearly in his chapters on the many aspects of social service, professional and volunteer.

This is a book for everyone interested in the many fascinating aspects of a unique hospital; it is in addition a contribution to the story of American medicine.

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Everyone Writes (Bad) Poetry

By JOHN CIARDI, *one of America's best-known poets (whose most recent collection, "As If," was published last year) and associate professor of English literature at Rutgers University, who has just been appointed* SR's *Poetry Editor, here outlines the principles that will guide him in selecting verse for this magazine.*

THE office mailbag bulges daily with envelopes full of bad poems that bear paper-clipped to them laborious little notes that breathe, however shyly, the most grandiose hopes. "Dear Editor," the little notes say in substance, "please tell me that I am a great poet." And between the lines they whisper: "And I will believe it!"

Bad poetry is what we all have in common—bad poetry and a secret persuasion. What man has ever awakened to his ego's passion on the planet without at some time committing a poem, and without cherishing the dream that deep in his soul a poetic talent lay asleep, awaiting only the kiss of discovering circumstance?

Ask John Doe whether or not he can play the violin and he would not dream of answering "I don't know. I've never tried." But ask him whether or not he can write a poem and it will be a rare and saintly-humble John Doe indeed to whom it occurs that the poem requires at least as much technical devotion and at least as many years of practice as does the violin. It's all done with words, isn't it? And everyone uses words.

Yes, everyone does use (or misuse) words, but not as a poet does. A buzz-saw and a rusty hinge have certain vibrations in common with those of a violin, but the violin properly played puts its vibrations to measured uses, *and it speaks its music not in the vibrations but in the inner relations of those measures.* When a poet uses a word he is using not only a label for something but a picture, a feeling, an association, a history, a sound, and a rhythmic impulse. The word "Brazil" in a geography book is a simple label. But find a lonesome Brazilian in a 14th Street bar and whisper in his ear "Braz-eel" and you will have awakened the blood of things. We are all lonesome Brazilians where we live most. Poetry is what comes up behind us and whispers the singing name of home in our ears.

The good poet lives to awaken words and phrases in this way, and the principal language of his poem is in the relation of these awakened measures to one another. And he is not only awakening his words, he is eliciting one word from another, his poem giving rise to itself, the individual words answering to their inner measure rather than to the dictionary of prose usage. Nothing is more characteristic of a good poem than the fact that the interplay of those measures *releases* more meaning than could be *stated.*

The worksheets of Keats's "The Eve of Saint Agnes" provide a stunning example of one of the ways in which a poet relates the measures of his words. The passage that describes Madeleine undressing runs:

> Of all its wreathed pearls her hair
> she frees;
> Unclasps her warmed jewels one
> by one;
> Loosens her fragrant boddice . . .

In the original worksheets, now in the Houghton Library at Harvard, the last line read in first draft, "Loosened her *bursting* boddice." Bursting? To be sure there is nothing in nature to keep Madeleine from being as buxom as you please without surrendering any delicacy, but the titanic suggestions of the word were obviously dead wrong for the poem, and Keats stopped right there. He next tried "Loosened her boddice lace-strings and did bare/ Her . . ." But there he was at the same impasse. What else could she bare? At all costs he must avoid that overtone of emphatic fleshiness. Finally he solved his problem, triumphantly, with "fragrant." But it must be noted that "fragrant" is the right word not because Madeleine was any more or less buxom as a consequence of Keats's choice, but because "fragrant" is exactly related to "warméd," the measure of each word being to suggest the presence of her body rather than to assert it, and to do so sensuously but at one delicate remove. The two words are brother and sister, and they are first cousins to the lightness and delicacy of "wreathéd." And the speaking marvel of the passage is exactly in those silently established relationships.

But obviously this order of poetry is not something we all have in common. The fact is that the kind of poetry Everyman commits is not poetry at all but a much lesser thing perhaps best labeled "self-expression," not the mortal need to lay our hands to a shapen thing, but the ego's boozier need to let some emotion out of the system in the easiest possible way. Hundreds of poems come to the poetry desk of *The Saturday Review* weekly and scarcely a handful of them even try to be poetry.

The first function of a poetry editor, as I understand it, is to separate the poetry from the self-expression and to return the self-expression in the (please note) accompanying stamped, self-addressed envelope in the custody of a printed rejection slip. When the accompanying note is especially heartrending one may add a word or two of "criticism" but in the nature of things that scrawl is never criticism said cannot be. The basic answer remains as it must, simply yes or no, and any addition is merely palliative.

At root, of course, that selection and rejection, right or wrong, is a function of taste and no set of principles can systematize it completely. On the day of total principles this magazine will order its Poetry Editor from IBM and plug him in. Until that day the relation between any Poetry Editor and the poem must remain human, partial, and imperfect. And how can one know wholly why he likes a poem?—the acceptances always have some element of happy surprise in them. It is the rejections that tend to go by familiar pattern. Impossible as it is, therefore, to systematize the goodness of a good poem, one may still fix at least part of the badness of most bad poems, and in the hope to identify badness is some approach to goodness, I append these first principles of rejection.

POETRY, I believe, is a life-summoning force on the order of a religion. There will, consequently, always be readers who, holding that universe in view, will sneer at all technical discussion. Why not sneer as well at a violinist who worries about slurring his chords? Acedia was the sin the monks feared most, and slovenliness is still the sin against all devotion. The passion must also be technical. In poetry there is no more immediate nor more conclusive sign

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The Captain of the Sand Dredge

By D. Rainer

ALL day the monstrous dredge approaches Mariel
Rising from the sea's dungeon, it grows taller
Before coming nearer (a rocking scaffold, not a ship)
Facing Havana, early and sunny, I sit on a point out to sea,
My work idling, yesterday's undersea visit recalled:

The jagged pink coral did not care
We frightened the purple parrot fish,
The barracuda slyly devoured us.

All day the monstrous dredge approaches Mariel
As it arrives, another parts the distance,
The horizon has two ends, man pulls at both.
There was sand on all the beaches here,
Some twenty years ago, on Sante Fé, Baracoa, and Mariel,

Sand where the pipers hopped
And the blond, Cuban boys
Wriggled their unmolested toes.

All day the monstrous dredge approaches Mariel
The sandpipers have gone to Veradero Beach
Where the Americans are,
Here the knifing coral lies uncovered
And no children play along the shores.

All day the monstrous dredge approaches Mariel
Oblique monuments of sand forfeit to monumental cement works.
Nature was reasonably decent about covering her hostile edges,
The Captain of the Sand Dredge is a busybody.
All day the monstrous dredge approaches Mariel.

Rain

By Rosalind Levine

ON THE coast of my choice there are two rainfalls,
One of them flowers; umbrellas of hibiscus
Fold on the evening bush of August at
The drop of a sun. There are four seasons,

All of them summer. And the jacaranda
Drips blue, dissolves into November drizzle.
Poppies river the earthquake hills at Christmas;
Watches stop in a confusion of love.

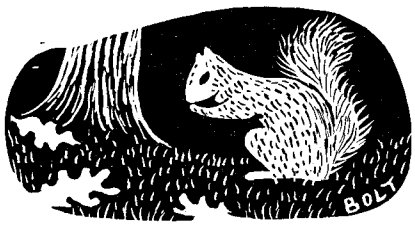
Being no native daughter, I can remember
Torrents of Maine as well, diminishing
To a whisper of pine needles on an abandoned
Island, a walking of birds across the shingles.

And electric storms: Among the ninepin Catskills
I memorized the cataracts of lightning,
The rush of banisters down a wide front stair.
Rain speaks out; it is the living word

For the indefinable sorrow. Paul Verlaine
Knew this and the small child clasping a bucket
Under the wash-lines. Do you know the rain
Of Nevada, ample drops, well-spaced, that splash

Yellow on pavement, drying as they fall
Like paint on canvas, on the Truckee, shimmering
With broken promises of platinum
And placer gold, on dusty tennis courts

And swings of Wingfield Park, blue-green of Tahoe,
Sometimes the cottonwood's palpitating leaves?



Squirrel

By May Swenson

THIS plump and handsome rat
lives in a tree,
his penthouse preferable to that
hole of the hairless-tailed
sneaky little lump,
indignity of the basement.

Cordially I bait him with the sound
of cellophane wrapped round a peanut
(this one on his limb, upright-eared,
well-dressed.)

He undemandingly regards my hand
out
while his own fists remain
crimped against his stainless vest;
then spurts down to meet me
as if to be polite,
(isn't there something rodent in his
rush?)
affably accepts my nut
big as a potato in his small nails,
and, without fright,
leaning on his cushy tail,
lunches on it neatly.

To his cousin (quicker, probably more
clever)
whose suit is slicked and dirtied by
the drains,
his whiskers shrewd, his eye glossy,
(for on fear he's trained),
we never offer food
unless it's fastened to a lever
meant to behead him, and all his
brood.

Poor, unlucky, nervous, skinny chit,
I'd make *you* squirrel
if I could manage it.
I'd give your roof a skylight
and your tail a skirl.

And you, fat,
privileged, high-born one—
you're still a rat.

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The Preparation

By John Logan

While the class waited
I prepared the frog:

I had to hurry the needle
Through the handy opening
Just at the back of the head;

It slipped upon the skin
As on a plastic bag
For iceboxes or as on

A rind of ripe melon,
Then under urging
Entered to touch parts

Never meant for metal—
Causing one eye slightly
To drop from its accustomed

Plane, a cold nearly
Muscleless leg to draw
Too far up the belly,

An almost imperceptible
Darkening of green
Along the back, in whose

Depression a small amount
Of blood collected, like ours
Red, and causing the mouth

White and inside moist
To stretch (but it was a rabbit
In his wire cage

Who screamed)
As the hour began.

America

By Louis Simpson

The barns like scarlet lungs are breathing in
Pneumonia. The North wind smells of iron.
It's winter on the farm. The Hupmobile
That broke its back is dying at the fence.
At night in a thin house they watch TV
While moonlight falls in silence, drop by drop.

The country that Columbus thought he found
Is called America. It looks unreal,
Unreal in winter and unreal in summer.
When movies spread their giants on the air
The boys drive to the next town, drunk on nothing.
Youth has the secret. Only death looks real.

They never die. They go down with their hobbies
Into the basement, and are seen no more.
Enough, when something breaks, that widows mourn
"He would have fixed it. He knew what to do."
And life is always borrowing and lending
Like a good neighbor. How can they refuse?

Meditation on the Humanities

By Howard Mumford Jones

Shakespeare, contemplating Time,
Hung his boughs with leafs of rhyme,
And peering through the ribs of death,
Heard music from a babe beneath—
So Desdemona died. But Bacon
By this induction was unshaken.

Milton, forever meaning well,
Through energy split heaven from hell;
God's familiar, hating evil,
Built palaces to house the devil.
Newton, though they did him homage,
By figure could not mend the damage.

Unhappy Poe, who peered beneath
The earth, found Berenice's teeth,
Then by quick wit could still ensnare
Beauty with Ligeia's hair.
Poe said to Einstein: Can you find
Speedier falcons in your mind?

Aiken, at expiry of breath,
Made Senlin gossip with John Deth;
Eliot, Auden emptied earth
Before the cobalt bomb had birth—
Despair may follow deeper laws
Than atoms do, or Admiral Strauss.

Naples

By Joseph Langland

The bright blue bell of the sea
Blares in sulphurous sound
Rising under the city,
Trumpeting over the ground.

Yellow brass mirages
Of evangelical sun
Funnel across the haze
Of lavender waters, run

Flaring over the gulf
Through a dusty flange of song.
Thousands of crying flutes
Hurry white day along:

Traders jangle their stalls,
Assault the air with hands;
Fisheyes rot in the bay;
Smells flow over the sands;

Children charge from walls
Chalked with their buoyant signs;
Windows gape at the sky
Tangled in rags and vines.

And always, impossible sun
Hurdles the bay and rims
Steaming galleys of light
With fabulous synonyms,

Until the incredible dusk
Strolls from its violet cones
And stars roll out of the sea,
Sparkling over the stones.

Park Orator

By Othelia Lilly

His voice, a bagpipe with a strain of thunder,
Scrapes the rafters of my brain like slander
That rides the winter down our mansard roof
In a wheezing gale, but then his typhoon laugh
Whirls the summer cottage of my heart
To ruin, while his polar meanings hurt,
Like an icy slaughterhouse with angels dying;
I taste their moldy wings. What *is* he slaying?
Great thorns of mischief blowing from his tongue
Bleed rosy heaven dead in everyone.

As Flowers Are

By Stanley Kunitz

As flowers have wars that the philosophic eye
Stoops to behold, broils of the golden age
When honey dropped from the trees, as bees perform
Their educated dance, we find our skins
In which to parable the act of love,
Contending, as at first, that the world might move.

Perfection caught in amber of our days
Jewels the life; on the offended thread
We hang the instants of the soul's surprise
When it is ravished by the absolute god,
Who comes in any shape that he may choose
But the expected one: as flowers tell lies.

Your lazy tongue that makes me think of bells
And soft Mediterranean afternoons
(As flowers shoot stars) rings out its heaven-changes
Till souls and gods pick clover in your lines
And what I carry through the giant grass
Mocks the profession of the comic ants.

Summer is late, my heart: the dusty fiddler
Hunches under the stone; these pummelings
Of scent are more than masquerade; I have heard
A song repeat, repeat, till my breath had failed.
As flowers have flowers, at the season's height,
A single color oversweeps the field.

The Difference

By Roger Hecht

Here, then, was summer unending,
The blending of birdcall, and grass
No less than a green permanence
Where the man lived nude and Godwise.
Long branches hung limp and descending,
Tendering fruit he could bless
By pressing their juice and by glance.
He knew no sense of loss.

Darling, when we join together
Our hands for the weather of Spring,
When birdsong riddles the air
Near silvering stream in sunflood,
Let us grace the one and the other
With a clearness of blossoming,
In issuing not one despair
With fist or fear or blood.

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In the Garden

By Arnold Weinstein

Dear cherubs, there's a boy nearby
I would like you to meet.
He used to be one of you but now
he has a hairlip.
I found him here snubbing the flowers.
looking for a lost drink.
I reminded him the party was last week
and what do you think he said?
"I don't believe in your tin gods.
I'm from the other side,
Albania. I have no one here and you
promised." I told him
to rest tranquil (my crowd happens to
to be quite good that way)
and bent to pick up my boutonniere,
which in the excitement
had fallen. But he stepped right on it
and put it out, saying,
"Have you ever heard of Mozart?"
I said I had, I swore I had.
"Then smile, do you hear me? Smile."
One thing I can't do
is smile. And so, cherubs, meet
William, from Albania.

On Reading Shakespeare Near a Window

By George Cuomo

Flexible children tumbling in the hills.
Wild in winds that do not touch or break
them,
Remind all movement that autumn spoils
The summer fruits and sends the rubber-
legged game
Twisting loose with its joys. Watching the full
Brown fall cover the waiting acres, I hold
First and last in hand, green and prime store,
while
The months spill time forever in a world
Of late days, choking the paths back to
spring,
Then leave me hurt in hope, and spiralling.

But I know the dumb instruments of life.
Marvellous in strength, cannot in all time
Bind each broken move toward that final
brief
Fear that drops from the ceiling like sacked
game.
Still the dog that tears the rabbit today
Feasts, and is tomorrow slashed by the cat.
All torn and broken things equally play
To their measured ends, blind in the same
knot,
While past the noises of the splitting sea
Silence prevails, and Lear sleeps peacefully.

To a Hostess Saying Goodnight

By James Wright

Shake out the ruffle, turn and go.
Over the trellis blow the kiss.
Some of the guests will never know
Another night to shadow this.
Some of the birds awake in vines
Will never see another face
So frail, so lovely anyplace
Between the birdbath and the bines.

O dark come never down to you.
I look away and look away:
Over the moon the shadows go,
Over your shoulder, nebulae.
Some of the vast, the vacant stars
Will never see your face at all,
Your frail, your lovely eyelids fall
Between Andromeda and Mars.

Advice to Travelers

By Walker Gibson

A burro once, sent by express,
His shipping ticket on his bridle,
Ate up his name and his address
And in some warehouse, standing idle,
He waited till he like to died.
The moral hardly needs the showing:
Don't keep things locked up deep inside—
Say who you are and where you're going.

The Wineshade Essence

By Norma Farber

In the arbor of my childhood,
green morning my roofage,
deep grapes like a midnight
sombered the leafage.

In the arbor where my childhood
afternooned and thirsted
for liquorlumpy fruitage
shadow-treated, dusk-frosted.

where clusterfall midnight
splashed the slatted arbor,
I ate gross purplings,
I drank vine-vapor.

In that arbor-calm childhood
I cut green capers
toward king-colored bunches,
to royal high purpose.

In a yard with an arbor.
those reap-ready seasons,
I sucked along of childhood
the wineshade essence.

Poetry Reading

By Milton Kaplan

Outside in the light of the neon sun
Five little girls are skipping rope
Down the Mississippi
Where the green grass grows
Up and down the glance they dance
Down the Mississippi
Skirts flaring and collapsing
As the rope whips the pavement
Into breathing like a clock
Where the boats go push
While the soapbubble vowels float upward
And break against the brick wall
Of the lecture hall inside which
Down the Mississippi
Where the green grass grows

O, says the poet, the toy
Balloon of his outcry wrinkling around
His breath as he starts to read
In the quiet room where people listen.

To Tabitha

(Walking on a New Poem)

By Burnham Eaton

You'd better not trust it, kitten.
It seems to be there to stay;
It looks sufficiently certain,
But the moment I turn away

Something shifts in the rhythm;
A word or a line turn around.
A theme is too deep to fathom
Or part of it runs aground.

The water in which was written
A name, is not solid enough.
You cannot rest on it, kitten.
And neither can I. Get off!

The Snow Is Blue

By Carl Woods

The snow is blue
and darker blue the night
Under brown branches purple waits
The moon looks cruel white
Therefore my rose my love
sit in the gold lamp light

Old Granary Burial Ground

(Boston)

By A. D. Freeman

Here Captain Nicholas Gardner lies
Marked by a grinning skull with wings,
And famished dinner plates for eyes.
The church's white spire soars and sings:
"Brimstone Corner! Wake, O, wake!"
A ripe-mouthed girl and sailor make
Love by looks, then gravely take
Their first steps into Paradise.

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On Her Third New Year

By Horace E. Hamilton

1.

THERE she stands as though we'd pre-arranged
A meeting at my door, expectant, shy,
Rattling the knob so I'd wake: and though
Sleep at her hour is alluring still, I can't
Turn over and leave her now; I can't even try.

"You sleepy, Daddy?" she offers in mild
Surprise. And I'm caught in last night's
Lie, that I'd go to bed too if she'd just
Shut her eyes: the echo of her repeated murmur
Then—"G'night Daddy, g'ni-ight," releasing me,
Yet asking one more, just one more ritual reply.

To us this youngest comes when a fortune
Of years is half spent, and we bank the time
In foolish thrift as if what is left can't
Rightly be enjoyed: she comes and stands and asks
What we'll do with it, lying into this sunny prime.

2.

So she slept, and in the year's eve we slipped
To steal our ritual hour with friends next door;
Then crept back with the new year in: and she
Stood alone at the long stair head, wide-eyed
But spry. She had heard the joy bells, heard roar
Of horns, and came down and sat by the lighted tree.

She stood as if we'd prearranged affairs
For a midnight tryst: she hadn't cried—
Though why, it's hard to say—for her tale
Wandered in a forest of rooty fears, till one
Thing stood out: she'd met kitty on the stairs
And together they'd gone to sit by the lighted tree.

I'd as soon un-tryst in this cold morning light
(Though the sleep-golden lull increases the bribe)
As tell life itself I was too tired to hear,
Or refuse the lingering last "g'ni-ight," and then
"G'ni-ight daddy," by which she releases me.

On the Site of the Old Lafayette

By Howard Moss

LIGHT reflected through prisms of glass on a glass on marble,
Pond-deep mirrors, thick rugs, green palms, the opulent fur
That smelled of perfume, a matchless richness at table
Were as elegant, festive, and sedative as a cat's purr.

No coffee was ever so hot or so smelled of Brazil
As the coffee they served at the Lafayette in large urns
Of silver, the toast in a silver bracket. The feel
Of linen was never so fine as its linen. One yearns

For an elegance more profound than it probably was.
A light and a shadow, a taste and a sense—these abide
Longer than structure, longer than marble does.
I can hardly remember, now, what it looked like inside.

Blueberry Girl

By George Abbe

THE air grieved and the island
died at the edge of sun.
From the clubhouse the wealthy
swam
toward the mountain's blue fan,
toward its shade and its dim.

Spring water shocked their blood:
in the channels of cold they slowed;
they recalled words like "should";
from underground years there flowed
forgotten torrents of good.

A girl with a blueberry pail
strapped to a belt of fire
came out of a brushland trail,
her blue-smeared mouth and hair
coarse with the bayberry smell
and the taste of the deep-earth choir.

Her breasts were circles of garnet
budded to green speech,
the down of her hand a linnet
bending the harp of the birch,
and out of her eyes and flesh
she sent the moth of her kiss.

The men broken by golf course,
skewered on heat of court,
waited with eyes like a dead purse
opened to show their hurt;
their swimming died at its source,
between boredom's better and worse,
their wet arms fixed to doubt.

Now bright to the listening water
she came where mountain shadow
blurred her to fairer and better,
and the curve of her throat was a cello
plucked in the twilight gather,

and when she bent to fill
the sharp white of her pail,
the swimmers felt fear still,
felt coldness temper and fail.

Her garnet breasts drank light
as her blueberry mouth drew wet;
the swimmers' hearts turned hot,
their eyes and the drinker's met;

and rage of the blueberry noontime,
the temples of mountain fir,
the sawdust ant and the bee chime
came stinging out of her.

They sank, and sinking heard
her innocent murmuring lips—
lost bell from the clubhouse deck
calling them back to the church
of their comfort, their profiting work.

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of slovenliness than occurs in the abuse of adjectives.

A good English style moves on its nouns and verbs. Now and then for special effect a good poet lays the adjectives on hard, as Chaucer does in "He was a verray parfit gentil knight," and as Keats does with "happy" in "Ode on a Grecian Urn." Yet even as word-whirling a poet as Hopkins uses, by actual count, at least as many verbs as adjectives, and in most good English poetry the verb-to-adjective ratio tends to run at least two-to-one, and often higher.

A heavily adjectival style is slovenly because it is badly selected. The adjectives tend to be there only because the author failed to select the right noun in the first place. One has no need to say "coarse, abusive, and shrewish vituperation" when the language offers as good a word as "billingsgate," or "a stingy person who hoards wealth for its own sake" when "miser" is available. The good poets tend to nouns that contain within themselves the force that poor poets try to tack on with an adjective. Much the same points can be made, of course, about verbs and adverbs, but it remains the adjectives that most often offend. The possible analogies are as obvious as the rule should be: never send an adjective on a noun's errand.

Many doubly abused adjectives, however, lack any justifiable errand. Some are there simply to pad out the rhyme scheme (wine/azurine). Many are wholly useless, their force being already implicit in the noun (blue sky, salt sea, sad plight, brilliant shining). Still others are hopelessly stereotyped (cold sweat, mortal fear, passing parade). Any editor who respects poetry must stop reading and reject the poem at the first occurrence of any such adjective.

There is, moreover, a class of adjectives to which non-poets are especially drawn, and it is made up of those adjectives that assert a judgment of an object instead of presenting a quality of the object and letting the reader form his own judgment on the sensory-evidence so presented. "Beautiful" is certainly queen of this court but "pure, rich, awesome, implacable, bittersweet," etc., are all ladies-in-waiting in high standing. I wish the addicts of this sort of adjectival assertion would ponder Robert Frost's remark to a class at Bread Loaf. "When a man takes out his poetic license," he said, "it is stamped 'entitles bearer to three uses of the word *beautiful*'. After sixty-five years I have all three of my permissions yet to use."

Inevitably, too, the poets who lean hardest on adjectival crutches are the first to sink into the wheelchairs of such exhausted nouns as "threnody," "monody," "replevin," "sarabande (stately)," "surges (cosmic)," and, of course, "heart (fierce, proud, resolute, a mother's, or—and a good thing too—beating," but in any case lots of "heart."

These are, of course, not only examples of vapid language, but also of clichés, and perhaps all that need be said of verbal clichés is that the poem almost certainly will not survive them. For though the verbal cliché is bad enough in itself as an esthetically criminal negligence of the poet's duty to re-awaken and to re-invigorate the language, it is even more reprehensible as evidence of the poet's human failure to approach his own sense of his own life. For there are clichés of attitude and of perception as well as of phrase, and the fact is that, as far as the poem is concerned, the poet may be a drunkard, a thief, a wife-beater, and a murderer, but his perceptions and his attitudes cannot afford to be stereotyped.

Nor does it help the case that such clichés are most often put forth in the name of the highest moral "message." Poetry is neither moral nor immoral; it is of life and death and as such it includes but goes beyond good and evil. More poems die of platitudinous decency than of any other cause. The vocabulary of humanism joined by a syntax of oh's and ah's and punctuated exclusively by exclamation points will not produce a language for poetry.

For some reason, the sweet, sincere, and dull people who most often emit this sort of high-frequency exaltation are almost invariably sonnet-addicts. Perhaps to the uncritical the sonnet seems an easy form. Perhaps, lacking rules within themselves, the sweet-singers believe that the sonnet will provide rules for them. The fact remains that there is almost no form harder to manage in our time and that even our best contemporary poets have produced relatively few memorable sonnets. Yet day after day hundreds of otherwise admirable ladies and gentlemen continue to turn out fourteen-line confections that run the same sets of images through the same sets of rhymes, thereby producing a counted and lined quantity of language chiefly remarkable for the way in which every such "sonnet" sounds like every other. Write sonnets if you must but—barring the miracle—do not expect to find them in the pages of this magazine.

THERE are other grounds on which a poem can and must be rejected at a glance. The word choices, being the most readily visible part of a poem, are simply the most readily describable, and I have therefore stressed them. Even more readily, however, a living poem declares itself in its rhythms: the words stand up and move, they bump heads, they marry and roll. And above all they respond to the cadence of a living language. Nothing is more deadening to a poem than to hear it tick, its metronome clacking through the music.

And, finally, there is always the poem that avoids all these faults and still must be rejected as lifeless. A competent and a tidy exercise, one thinks—that is to say, a nothing. "I see you are literate," I want to say to the author. "When do you become mortal? When do you break through?"

For above all a poem is not an echo but an originating sound. It echoes in us because it has dared to throw itself against the wall of some ultimately real feeling. It does not always seem to make sense; it tries rather to be of life.

I hope the readers of *The Saturday Review* will join me in entertaining poems that are sometimes more venturesome than tidy, poems that dare to take a mortal chance. The fragments of a true failure can be far more moving than the neat measures of a false success, and I must believe it to be a better service to poetry to select such true failures in preference to such false successes.

Gresham's Law

By Philip Booth

PARKED hard against the cornfield slant
in high Vermont, a hundred cars
(stuck at random on some last picnic)
rust in the thin winter sunset. A bent
green schoolbus, trucks without tires,
cars without wheels, are herded thick

as guernseys, ranked one way toward
dusk.
Half-ton Ford and stripped Chevrolet
have come home, low in the frozen
corn.
Two junked wreckers, beyond the risk
of pot-holes on insurance, lie
tipped against the silver barn.

Torn fenders, frames beyond salvage,
line the pigpen. A white gelding
nibbles downhill, too swayback to
swap.
One old man feeds on this silage
of short days. Six crows, holding
altitude, circle his final crop.

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Empty Bookshelves and Marching Men

IN THE early days of independence in India I had occasion to visit the university libraries in various parts of the country. I was impressed with the extent and variety of books dealing with English-speaking culture. In almost every case, however, I looked in vain for a corresponding wealth of material on Hindu culture.

"It is not that we do not have great writers and poets or a great tradition which expresses itself in literature," a librarian at the University of Mysore explained. "It is just that these books reflect the emphasis of the British while they were here. We have not yet been granted the funds to buy the books you are looking for."

He handed me a book of essays by Rabindranath Tagore. Then he pointed to a passage in which Tagore said he was saddened by the fact that the education brought by the West to India had so little room for India's own cultural and spiritual legacy.

"He who has no wealth of his own can only beg," Tagore wrote, "and those who are compelled to follow the profession of beggary at the gate of the intellectually rich may gain occasional scraps of mental food. But they are sure to lose the strength of their own intellectual character. And their minds are grooved to become timid in thought and in creative endeavor.

"All this time we have been receiving education along purely Western lines," the passage continued. "When this first began Western culture was imbued with a supreme contempt for that of the East. And to this day, consequently, we have been brought up in this contempt. The system of education in India remains absurdly un-Indian, making no adequate provision for our own culture. We have here not even anything like the facility which the German student enjoys in Germany for the study of the lore of Hindu and Moslem.

"We forgot that Hindu civilization was once very much alive, crossing the seas, planting colonies, giving to and taking from all the world. It had its arts, its commerce, its vast and strenuous fields of work. In its history new ideas had their opportunity."

IT WAS a striking passage, and I copied it down. More clearly than anything else I had heard or seen it helped to explain what the real struggle of the East was about. It was more than a struggle; it was a revolution—a revolution for self-respect and the need to feel that a man was neither rootless nor incidental in the world. The headlines in the newspapers would tell of things political, of riots or mass demonstrations or vast upheavals. But the real story concerned people who hungered for pride, who suffered because they were asked to believe there were no grand connections to yesterday or tomorrow, and who could take scant nourishment from another culture which, however magnificent in itself, persisted in calling attention to its own superiority. Little wonder that the college students and educated people of the East formed such a powerful force behind independence. Little wonder, too, that the momentum generated by the resentment was now carrying so many people into such fierce manifestations of nationalism.

Not far from the University of Mysore library, for example, I saw a long double file of young men in some sort of military drill. They were wearing crude uniforms, at least to the extent of black shirts, and they carried what at first appeared to be rifles but on closer examination turned out to be broomsticks. I thought they might be members of some sort of national guard, but it developed that they were members of a private military Hindu religious and political organization known as the RSS. The RSS believed in a complete reassertion of Hindu culture under a theocratic state. It was a member of the RSS who had assassinated Gandhi. And its members now denounced Nehru because he was not tough enough with Pakistan in particular and Moslems in general. Fortunately, the overwhelming preponderance of the Indian people rejected both the aims and methods of the RSS. But the very existence of the RSS was significant nonetheless.

Watching the young men of the RSS in their military exercise, I could reflect that there was a direct relationship between the empty shelves on Hindu culture in the library behind me and the rehearsal for violence in front of me. The architects of the RSS were only superficially the extremists and the hotheads who were now overreacting. Historically, they were the men from the West who thought it was not enough to own a country; it was necessary also to subordinate its mind and cheapen its own legacy.

All this has meaning for Americans today. We will fail in our dealings with the East if we think that all we have to do is to build a few power projects here and there and send over technicians who can increase the agricultural output. All these efforts are useful, but they must be part of something much larger. They must be part of a changed outlook towards the peoples of the East, one that begins first of all with a visible respect for the desire of human beings in that part of the world to re-discover and re-establish themselves. The Asian-African Conference at Bandung a year ago was more than a political parley; it was a ceremony at which the majority of the world's peoples could proclaim not solely their political independence but their freedom to create a culture and a tradition and to be proud of it. They were joining something far more meaningful than a regional grouping; they were joining the human race.

The principal language of the twentieth century is concerned with the awakening of vast multitudes to the possibilities rather than to the limitations of life. If we have difficulty with that particular vocabulary it is not because of the distance that separates us from the East but because of the distance that separates us from the meaning of America itself. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WELL-INFORMED VOTER

JOHN STEINBECK'S lighthearted article "Madison Avenue and the Election" [*SR* Mar. 31] hardly seems consistent with the American voters' ability. Does he realize that more of the people in our country are better informed voters than ever before; that the advertising agencies and their advertisers have helped to make this possible?

If some of the people cannot tell the difference between Senator Flangdangle and Squeakies, then perhaps this is due to a striking similarity in the noises they make. I personally believe, however, that Mr. Steinbeck should come out of the realm of fiction when he speaks editorially. These people don't exist, but if they did is this the fault of the agencies and the media they employ for their advertisers? Obviously not!

SAMUEL A. EARP.

Minneapolis, Minn.

MAGAZINES FOR FRIENDSHIP

EVERY MONTH AMERICANS waste a vast lot of vivid, effective propaganda. We throw into wastebaskets our better magazines after they've been read, little realizing how avidly foreigners would read them if they had a chance. Yet it costs only five or six cents to mail directly abroad small magazines. Just roll one in an envelope with the sides slit. All foreign professors or editors or librarians are eager to get them. From New York City you can send a twenty-pound package of magazines to key APOs in Europe and Asia for only forty-six cents! Simply address packages to USIS, APO 206. Also to APOs 206A, 205, 291, 285, 794, 407, 742, 230, 16, 170, 85, 118, 676.

ALBERT CROISSANT,
Magazines for Friendship.

Los Angeles, Calif.

THE OFF-BROADWAY JUNGLE

I HOPE that I may be forgiven for my inability to sympathize with Henry Hewes in his sad plight as outlined in the article "The Off-Broadway Jungle" [*SR* Mar. 24]. Perhaps the reason for this shortcoming is a painful knowledge of the tremendous amount of sacrifice, hard work, and dedicated effort expended by the numerous struggling theatrical groups he referred to so flippantly.

If the world of the theatre were a cut-and-dried affair with Broadway as an infallible top, and off-Broadway a questionable bottom, dramatic criticism would have a place for the Henry Heweses of this world. But such is not the case; the theatre like other arts is a constant battleground where new values and new concepts are seeking expression in the face of tremendous financial handicaps. The past decade or two have served to intensify this problem as economic forces have tended to close the theatres and to greatly restrict the influx of new plays, particularly those of a non-commercial nature.

JOSEPH COLLINS SHAW.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Hewes replies: "As the critic who was the first to vote for an off-Broadway attraction as a recipient of the Drama Critics Circle Award ('The Girl on the Via Flaminia' and 'The Threepenny Opera'—1954) and as the writer of a column which devotes a greater proportion of space to off-Broadway and non-Broadway theatre than any other national publication or New York daily newspaper, I hope Mr. Shaw will believe I share his respect for the fine and valuable work being done off-Broadway. However, the critic who would allow a knowledge of the tremendous amount of sacrifice, hard work, and dedicated effort to sway his judgment of the result would soon be of no value to his readers. I can only add that I would be willing to climb four flights of stairs and sit on a hard chair every night of the week if a reasonable proportion of the productions were as exciting as 'The Threepenny Opera,' 'The Girl on the Via Flaminia,' and 'Uncle Vanya.' At present I go to all those that seem to have even a bare possibility of being worth a mention in* The Saturday Review. *I try never to be flippant, which does not mean I do not use ridicule as a method of stating the truth as I see it."*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And on the seventh day I rested."

DEVASTATING DEFLATION

I HOPE Generals MacArthur and Whitney sue *SR* and S. L. A. Marshall for libel [*SR* Feb. 4]. Only way I can think of to get a life-sized audience for that devastating deflation of Superman and his sycophant. (P.S. *They'd lose.*)

FRED RODELL.

Bethany, Conn.

THE IDEAL KING

ACCOMPANYING *SR*'S REVIEW OF "HARRY OF MONMOUTH" [*SR* Mar. 17] there is a rather misleading caption under the portrait of Henry V. Shakespeare's play is by no means a tragedy (note its full title: "The Life of King Henry the Fifth") but rather the fourth in a historical tetralogy celebrating the career of the "ideal king" and presenting an epic view of his period in English history. We see Henry V as "the madcap Prince Hal" only in the play "Henry IV," Parts I and II, and in this connection alone is your description of him accurate, *viz.* "a lively young fellow whose recklessness led him to frequent taverns and to consort with such rowdies as the Shakespearean conception of Falstaff." Upon the death of his father (at the end of II Henry IV) Hal renounces his youthful frivolity and in the last play of the series Shakespeare presents him as a true sovereign; now, "in his mature years," Henry rules England "with an industry that developed civil order." Consequently, Shakespeare cannot be said to have "exaggerated the exuberant side of his hero's nature." Both sides are portrayed, in their proper places—it is only necessary to keep the Henry plays straightened out in one's mind.

JANE WOHLGEMUTH.

New York, N. Y.

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BROADWAY PREVIEW

From Tonio to Tony (In Twenty Hard Years)

OPERA singers are generally considered to operate, so to speak, within such a limited frame of theatrical competence that when one breaks through into a wider area of public attention, as Robert Weede has in Frank Loesser's "The Most Happy Fella" (a musical based on Sidney Howard's Pulitzer prizewinning "They Knew What They Wanted"), the usual reaction is surprise and curiosity. Anticipating both, it seemed appropriate to visit with Weede in Philadelphia just before the New York opening and put matters in suitable perspective.

How tough is it to master a long part, as Tony Esposito is; to transfer the focus of a career from forgetting one is English-born in order to speak Italian to forgetting one is Italian-born in order to speak English, etc.? "Look at it this way," said Weede, moonfaced and relaxed on an off-day. "We had five weeks' rehearsal before we went out of town. We had about five weeks more in Boston and down here. The last operatic thing I did prior to this was Verdi's 'Macbeth' in San Francisco. The part of Macbeth alone takes one hour and fifty minutes to sing through. Take it to the piano sometime and try it. The first time any member of that Macbeth cast met Fausto Cleva, the conductor, was eight days before the show went on. I don't say that's the way to put on a great opera like 'Macbeth' and believe me it is great. I think Verdi reached back for a good deal of it when he wrote 'Aida' and 'Otello.' But that is what you have to do in opera. Don't forget, anybody who survives twenty years of opera at the Met, in San Francisco, Chicago, City Center"—in all of which Weede has had a distinguished part—"is a graduate of a pretty tough school."

"It's an odd thing," he went on "that everybody seems to be surprised I can act." [EDITOR'S NOTE: *I was surprised too.*] "But what do they think I have been doing all these years in 'Rigoletto,' 'Tosca,' 'L'Amore dei Tre Re,'—naming some of the works with which he has been especially identified. "The difference really is in the languages involved and what the audiences get out of the performance. When you do a 'Rigoletto' in Italian and Gilda comes into the room in Act III to tell her father she has been 'ruined' by the Duke, you have the lines 'Piangi, fanciulla' ['Weep, daughter']. If I just lean forward and whisper to her like this, or I draw back like this"—and Weede transformed himself into the image of a distraught parent—"does the average audience know the difference? I doubt it. But in a show like 'The Most Happy Fella,' where every word can be understood, well, then acting technique comes through."

How about working with an English text, then, wasn't it something of a novelty? Weede had a good-natured answer for that, too. "Not really. After all, I did the first radio performance of Menotti's 'The Old Maid and the Thief.' I did Bernard Hermann's 'Moby Dick' with the Philharmonic-Symphony conducted by Barbirolli. I was in W. G. Still's 'Troubled Island' at City Center. When the Met did 'Khovantschina' in English during Johnson's last year they called me in. And just last year there was Walton's 'Troilus and Cressida' in San Francisco."

—*Friedman-Abeles.*

Robert Weede—"preconditioned for the whole thing."

Recollections of San Francisco caused a smile to flit over the Weede face. "I even sang in an English version of 'The Girl of the Golden West' out there. Merola [the longtime impresario of the Coast, who died recently] told me he was going to put it on. 'O no, Maestro,' I said, 'Don't.' 'Why not?' he said; 'with Caruso it was a big success.' With Caruso anything was a big success, I thought to myself. But in these days, when every kid knows Hopalong Cassidy, Puccini's idea of the American West just doesn't add up. But Merola was determined. So the first performance in Sacramento, which is a preseason subscription, is sold out. The first performance in San Francisco, which is the opening night and a subscription, is also big. Comes the second performance a week later, and three days before they have about $10 in the box office. So they give 'Pagliacci' and 'Cavalleria' instead. I meet Merola and he says: 'You were a-right, Weede, you were right. The public no want opera in English.' "

SAN FRANCISCO, where Weede has appeared in every opera season since 1940, is a recurrent motif in the singer's own personal music drama. "Strange," he recalled, "during those years I made many friends, and I went to visit them out in the Sonoma Valley and we'd drive to Napa. I had seen the movie version of 'They Knew What They Wanted' with Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton, and the atmosphere of it often came back to me when we visited the vineyards. When the idea for doing a musical version of it came up I was preconditioned for the whole thing. It may seem absurd, but it all sort of tied in together." It's an interesting footnote, too, that Loesser came out to San Francisco to hear him do "Macbeth" last fall, and the arrangement for his appearance in "The Most Happy Fella" was settled there—though it had been substantially agreed upon before in New York.

Was there any special idea in the back of his head about the way the middle-aged Italian vintner who woos a young bride by mail (using in the process a picture of a much younger man as decoy) should sound relative to his mangled English? "Well," said Weede, "if you have been around opera as long as I have it comes more or less naturally. Everybody around is always doing take-offs on everybody

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else. But I think part of it came from Baccaloni" [the great Italian buffo] "who was a special pal of mine, wherever we'd be working together. Much as I would want to talk Italian to him, he'd want to 'talka his Engleesh' with me. A lot of it comes out in this part, I suppose. And don't forget Frank Loesser. He has a remarkable instinct for the right sound in the script he wrote. Very good."

Weede regards the vocal part of "The Most Happy Fella" as the equal of such an opera as "Rigoletto" in its demands on the baritone's vocal output, and nobody sings "Rigoletto" six nights a week, plus two matinees—not for long, anyway. "However," he added "I have a strong vocal foundation, thanks to my early training, and it holds up all right [knocking the nearest piece of wooden furniture]. My first real teacher in Baltimore, where I was born [the name was originally Wiedefeld, derived from a German father and Irish mother] was a man named George Castelle, a fine baritone who had sung with the Hammerstein company. However, he was on the small side for opera, and became a cantor and teacher. He did a great deal for me. Then, about 1928, when I was just a student, I had an opportunity to go up to Rochester as a member of a group that did stage shows in the Eastman Theatre, which was a combined movie and 'presentation' house in those days. What sold me was the promise of two lessons a week at the Eastman School with Adelin Fermin, a Frenchman who had been previously in Baltimore and had taught John Charles Thomas." Various things happened after that, including some prizes and studies in Italy, but the next important episode in Weede's career is associated with S. L. Rothapfel of Roxy Theatre fame.

"I was sent to him by a mutual friend and he liked me. But he decided my name was too long for a radio audience. 'We will call you W-E-D-E, it will sound like an announcement for a radio station.' However, when we went on the air he sort of stuttered in the middle of it and it came out W-E-E-D-E, and it has been that way ever since."

The link with John Charles was an instructive one, for there are those, like myself, who have long felt that Weede had more the "sound" of that illustrious artist than any contemporary, without knowing there was any actual relationship. "That Fermin was a wonder," said Weede reverently. "He had only one weakness with baritones. He couldn't tell us how to cover the upper register. But he gave John that 'yawning' legato [a wonderful description, for those who remember it, of the easy production of the Thomas voice] and a special sound of his own. Thomas was fine in opera but as a singer of songs I don't think he had an equal since McCormack."

Following Weede's Metropolitan debut, and a highly successful one as Tonio in "Pagliacci" in the spring season of 1937, there have been recurrent queries why he appeared only on a now-and-then basis rather than regularly. "Better to have people say 'Why the hell isn't he there than why the hell he is'," I prompted, "but even so. . . ." "I can't answer for the management," Weede responded, "but I didn't like the idea of sitting around, waiting, on call. I preferred to work. I had a family to look out for. I did all sorts of things, and have no regrets. The only dull time came around 1946, after I had been doing the 'Celanese Hour' on the radio for four-and-a-half years. I didn't get any offers for a while, because everybody imagined I was 'on the air' even a year after it ended."

The "family" includes two sons, now in their twenties, Richard and Robert, Jr., both determined to be singers. "I'd like to cut their throats," said the fond parent, recalling his own knocks, "but they've both got good voices, so what can I do?" What he has done is to arrange for one (Bob) to further his tenor studies in Italy under the guidance of Tullio Serafin, the eminent maestro with whom he sang Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re" recently in Chicago, while the other (Dick), but recently out of the Army, is sharing the pre-Broadway preparation of "The Most Happy Fella" with his father, preparatory to embarking on further studies of his own, also as a baritone.

"It's an odd business," Weede said reflectively. "You work like a dog for years on end to get somewhere, and what happens—something like this when you least expect it. Mind you," he said, "I am not complaining. When a man like Serafin, with his background, comes to you after a performance, as he did in Chicago, and says 'I am happy to have you sing in this opera with me,' that is something." On the other hand, it must be something to know that for an indefinite time to come there will be no more parts to get up, no more uncertainties. . . ."

"How about some more opera, afterwards," I queried, "the big fling you didn't have?" "The days are a little short for that," said Weede, realistically. "I don't think so. After all, in the words of the play, 'I ain'ta so young, and not so good-lookin'." But, apparently, a pretty happy fella.

—Irving Kolodin.

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Mankind in the Merdecluse

THE American theatregoer is apt to find **"Waiting for Godot"** an exasperating play whose allegories fascinate but never quite decipher. He may also find its lack of plot and its unremarkable dialogue a pale compensation for sitting two hours in the theatre.

But for Godot supporters these very deficiencies seem its greatest virtues. Irish expatriate Samuel Beckett sets his play in the Vaucluse section of the unoccupied zone of France during World War II. In the middle of this bleak limbo sit two tramps, Vladimir and Estragon. They are waiting for a mysterious Mr. Godot (God) who has promised to meet them there. Along comes a well-dressed European landowner named Pozzo (Capitalist-Aristocrat) followed by a wretched, exhausted slave named Lucky (Labor-Proletariat) whom he leads by means of a long tow-rope tied round the neck. Then comes an entertainment in which Lucky is forced to perform an agonized, convulsive dance, and to give a demonstration of "thinking," in which he runs together a series of phrases expressing man's confusion as a result of having accepted "a personal god with a white beard outside time without extension." After this pair depart one of Godot's two sons shows up to inform Vladimir, whom he calls Mr. Albert . . . (Schweitzer?), that Mr. Godot won't come this evening but will surely come tomorrow.

The next day (we assume World War II has passed during the night because the dead tree has sprouted a few leaves) Estragon returns to Vladimir to report he has been beaten by ten assailants. After more conversation Pozzo (now blind) stumbles in still leading Lucky (now dumb, "he can't even groan"). Pozzo asks them to help him up again. And the two tramps decide this is a more prudent course of action than helping Lucky, because Pozzo is the only one who can keep Lucky from running amuck. Pozzo and Lucky leave again and the same boy (who we assume is Mr. Godot's other son) shows up with the same message as before. He also informs Vladimir that Godot has a white beard. Vladimir falls to his knees crying, "Christ have mercy on us." Estragon suggests dropping Godot, but Vladimir refuses because "He'd punish us." So they decide to hang themselves *unless* Godot comes tomorrow, in which case Vladimir stoutly maintains they would be saved.

Mr. Beckett has sprinkled his text with mysterious allusions. His Vladimir likes the New Testament Gospels and is loaded with anxiety about the fact that only one apostle mentions that one of the two thieves crucified with Jesus was saved. The less inquisitive Estragon likes the Old Testament with its map of the Holy Land, where he had once planned to go on his honeymoon. Vladimir is constantly saving Estragon from suicide attempts and persecution. But Vladimir refuses to listen to Estragon's nightmares, and upbraids him for not being ashamed to ask money for services rendered and for whiningly blaming the world for his own misery. Vladimir points out to Estragon that he is beaten not for what he does but for the way he does it. Despite the knowledge that each functions better separately they find themselves bound together. The same unhappy marriage exists with Pozzo and Lucky. And this suggests that "Waiting for Godot" is primarily concerned with the basic human problem of dualism, whether it be psychic, religious, social, or economic. The last fifty years' widespread acceptance of the ideas of Freud and Marx have decreased man's individuality and dignity and tended to make him the pawn of paired opposing forces without and within.

THOUGH these interesting ideas and many more emerge from the American production of "Waiting for Godot," the actors seem to accept the play more as fancy than as fact. While Bert Lahr brings both pathos and his own brand of pretension-puncturing humor to Estragon, he too often punctures the pretensions of the play itself. E. G. Marshall plays Vladimir in a consciously intellectual manner, and his embrace of Estragon becomes merely symbolic. Kurt Kasznar's Pozzo emerges rather more of a villain than even a capitalist need be. Alvin Epstein's Lucky is a compelling and expert performance and seems closest of all to the spirit of the play.

Herbert Berghof's direction uses some expressionistic techniques and keeps the vitality-level high onstage. Keeping it high in the audience is another matter. There Mr. Beckett's skeletal synthesis of postwar European despair engenders less dramatic excitement than it provokes post-theatre discussion. —HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

Something for Somebody

NEWCOMERS to television are like those people you read about who have been in prison for twenty years and then are released (innocent) and see supermarkets with packaged steaks, bottled snails, and a full line of paper-covered books for the first time. They are dazzled by the variety of commodities on the shelves—then they are intimidated. They don't exactly want to go back to jail, but they wonder how we bear up under the profusion of our freedom.

A short time ago I met a professor of philosophy, an affable, easy-going, unpedantic one who had bought a TV set three weeks earlier. He and his equally pleasant wife were not exactly awestruck. They simply wanted to know whether they and the people for whom television programs apparently are made belong to the same segment of the human race. I thought a fair description of an average night of programs might answer the question. You could stick with one station for several hours or choose different types of programs wherever they occurred. I came up with the following:

FOUR-STAR PLAYHOUSE: In keeping with the present self-belittling mood of television, Dick Powell plays a writer of TV scripts who has no integrity whatever—out for money, that's all. He seems to be traveling in a day-coach from Chicago to Los Angeles and takes under his wing a little lone girl of ten or so who talks like Katharine Hepburn in frightfully clipped syllables. She tells him her parents are divorced. She dislikes most of what she has seen—people hating and killing each other—she wants TV drama to be about real people. Powell recites or reads A. E. Housman and Shakespeare to her and they go to a carnival at a whistle-stop, and it seems that just before he got married Powell had done the same thing with his fiancée. The little girl then most perceptively divines the writer's entire psychology, shows him that he writes cheap stuff because he wants to recapture the essence of his life and love, and when they reach Los Angeles his wife is there, they have a big scene, and now he's going to write that book, the one about the priest, which he had abandoned.

ARTHUR MURRAY'S PARTY: The great news was that although it had been touch-and-go luck broke in our favor and the program did actually get the very special star Jane Froman. (In spite of this silliness, Jane Froman *is* a very special star and it's always a pleasure to see her.) Also on this program there was a rowdy knock-about bit with the great Bert Lahr, looking like a cross between a hill-billy and a ditch-digger, consumed with jealousy of his slatternly wife, chiefly suspecting the butcher—a broad funny burlesque.

VIDEO THEATRE: Sarah Churchill played the lead and except when she said "Lemme think a moment" it was all very lofty. My notes on this are, I admit, incoherent, but they are supported by the résumé in the newspapers—the play was about a woman who proposed to poison her husband and get away with it (and with her lover) because her husband was going to open one of those Egyptian tombs on which a curse fatally descends. I thought the lover actually said, "Not that! No, not that!" but my notes say his reaction to the proposal was, "You can't mean it."

THE QUIZ KIDS: They got some hard ones and missed some and looked downright worried, which was a consolation to the viewer (myself) who knew he wouldn't have done as well. The program has, by the way, a new gimmick: the Kids are in competition with an adult (that week it was Dr. Bergen Evans, who by now has a monopoly on erudition in the United States). I tuned in late and didn't get the mechanics of scoring. In any case, the tots do not get millions of dollars for the right answers.

IT IS pointless to say that there were better programs on at the same time. You see one program at a time. You can't if you're a critic, and you don't if you're an average curious human being, stick exclusively with the programs you know to be good. You have to give the others a chance. Maybe "On the Beach" was better than the Dick Powell drama (it was about a man who was wasting his life away because his wife had been killed in an accident and who is brought back to the right way by a woman). There's an equal chance that less interesting programs also occurred.

The fact is that programs like these make up a vast portion of the total. They aren't intended for my philosopher and his wife, for whom the two-hour Shakespeares and operas and other specials certainly are. But their question remains valid because we know that the thirty or forty million people who attend these exceptional events on their TV screens include a large number of those who faithfully follow the commonplace. What we do not know is whether the commonplace has to be so remarkably common. Nor for that matter do we know what effect, in the long run, the supply of the third-rate will have on our appetite for anything different.

—GILBERT SELDES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

DIZZY DOZEN

Cento, or patchwork, poetry, made up of lines borrowed from somebody else, has been a literary plaything since the days of the Greeks and Romans. Here are some cento verses assembled by Mabel-Ruth Jackson of Tucson, Arizona. She asks you to identify the twelve authors and the eleven poems and one play. Answers on page 44.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

This man decided not to live but know
His seat upon the intellectual throne.
"I came like Water and like Wind I go—"
Here where men sit and hear each other groan.

Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth;
It is the lot of man but once to die,
With apprehension of his passing worth,
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Prokofieff No. 2, Thomson Novelties, etc.

THE second instalment in the saga of *the* Prokofieff Cello Concerto was unfolded at the latest Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra concert in Carnegie Hall, with Mstislav Rostropovich of the Soviet Union as the soloist. As noted here last week, though identified as Concerto No. 2 and bearing opus-number 125, it is a reworking of Concerto No. 1, Op. 58. Though, it must be added, so thoroughgoing a reworking as to justify the composer's appraisal, in the last years of his life, that it was entitled to a separate identity.

Though not a wholly successful work (name a cello concerto that is) it is a decided improvement on the prototype, more secure in its relationship of solo and ensemble elements, better proportioned throughout. Chances are that it will grow in favor with instrumentalists, for the melodic content of the second movement (a combination scherzo slow-movement) assays high, and there is abundant opportunity for solo display. The first movement remains (in its leisurely pace and extended reflectiveness) less a springboard than an obstacle to what follows.

However, it all leaves a sense of contact with a strong side of the composer's nature which, when the composer is Prokfieff, is quite enough. Rostropovich impressed these ears more than he had at his recital, partially because he showed himself capable of rising to a demanding occasion, partially because he seemed, after a while, to lose himself in the performance-problem, thus conveying more of his basic artistic personality, which is an appealing one.

Also a premiere on this program was Virgil Thomson's recent (1953) "Concerto for Flute and Orchestra." Its purposes are plainly practical ones, to provide a playable composition for an instrument not well favored with contemporary solo literature. Thomson attained this end successfully in a work of modest (fifteen minutes) length respecting the limited color range of the instrument itself. John Wummer, solo flutist of the orchestra, performed in the highly cultivated style associated with him, and Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted both new scores with a sure sense of their widely divergent characters.

The week also provided a revival of Thomson's "Mother of Us All" at the Phoenix (née Yiddish Art) Theatre on Second Avenue. Actually, this was more a revelation than a revival, for the previous presentation at the Brander Matthews Theatre on the Columbia University campus (1947) was done with much more limited forces, musically and theatrical. Ostensibly, the text by Gertrude Stein has much to do with the endeavors of Susan B. Anthony on behalf of female suffrage; the totality of words and music, however, have even more to do with Thomson's background as a musician brought up in Kansas City, Missouri.

Some of the characters in the elaboration of Maurice Grosser's scenario are called Daniel Webster, Lillian Russell, John Adams, and Constance Fletcher. There are other baritones and basses named Ulysses S. Grant, Andrew Johnson, and Thaddeus Stevens. Romance is provided by a pair identified as Jo the Loiterer and Indiana Elliott. There is much talk, often expressed through oblique reference to band music, once-popular songs, and "Lead Kindly Light." It is, at times, about something such as female suffrage, but it would be a mistake to think this is what it is really about.

More often it conveys the subtle suggestion that many other operas are about nothing, save the opportunity for the composer to write an evening's music. Much of the evening's music Thomson has written is absorbing, unprolix, and listenable. Sometimes it has a decided, if unconventional, beauty. Even when it marks time it does so with a certain style and discipline. The performance was much better than its predecessor. Shirlee Emmons, who sang Susan B., is an artist with a bright future, Mary MacKenzie (Anne), Elaine Benazzi (Gertrude S.), Joseph Sopher (Jo), and Jan McArt (Constance Fletcher) all people of promise. I mention them together for none has any identification, even as names, while testifying to Thomson's ability to find talent as well as utilize it. By comparison, Lloyd Harris (Virgil T.) and Leon Lishner (Daniel Webster) were celebrities. They also did well. Bill Butler's direction had suitable simplicity, good pace, and excellent flexibility.

The conflicting compulsion of a ballet new to the Ballet Theatre's repertory (see below), unfortunately, limited attention to Leonard Bernstein's "Serenade (after Plato's 'Symposium')" at the final concert of the Symphony of the Air's season to half its length. Its five-movement sequence is described by the composer as "a series of related statements in praise of love."

So far as an interim report can be offered on the basis of a partial hearing, this one would be in the area of guarded respect but modified enthusiasm. This is hardly a disarming thesis Bernstein has sought to illustrate in music, and the high-flown sentiments did not seem to evoke musical materials on a comparable level from the composer. The compositional craft is all there, but the ability to seize the attention with musical ideas of individuality and seductive appeal is not. Isaac Stern performed the solo part with eloquence and sumptuous tonal resource, and Bernstein's efforts in his own behalf could hardly have been bettered. The preceding Fifth Brandenburg Concerto of Bach (in which the conductor was also pianist with Stern as violin soloist and Paul Renzi, Jr. performing the flute part) was overstressed on the side of solo prominence, at the expense of ensemble character.

Offenbach ballets are always welcome whether they are called "Gaite Parisienne," "Bluebeard," or, as in the case of the latest one to be introduced by the Ballet Theatre at its Metropolitan spring season, "Orpheus in the Underworld," by Antony Tudor.

The resemblances to "Gaite Parisienne," indeed, come perilously close to parallels, for "Orpheus" was first presented by the Canadian Ballet, utilizing the celebrated score made by Manuel Rosenthal for use by the prewar Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Now that it has been redone for Ballet Theatre use, other Offenbach elements have been worked into a sequence by David Simon (skilfully, too), but it is inevitable that a polka in one place, a waltz in another, a dreamy interlude here, a brisk one there, will arouse the aural recollection when the sequence parallels closely something as familiar as "Gaite Parisienne."

However, the milieu is quite different, also the choreographic accent. The subtitle "Le Bar du Can-Can" gives some suggestion of a rowdy Toulouse-Lautrec atmosphere in which Nora Kaye as an operetta star, Lupe Serrano as Queen of the Carriage Trade, and Ruth Ann Koesun as a debutante become involved in various romantic episodes with Hugh Laing as an artist, John Kriza as a slumming nobleman, and Scott Douglas as an officer. Dancing honors clearly go to Miss Kaye, whose comedy touch is no less acute than her feeling for drama, and Douglas as a straight-backed, military man. The setting by Rene Bouche sufficed. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Freud and History

Continued from page 9

a man who urged us all to go the Tahitians and the Balinese one better, if possible. It is also true that at higher levels he is held up as one of those who, along with Dewey and Mr. Justice Holmes, have led men away from the old certainties of natural law and classic reason into the hellish uncertainties of relativity. But these off-center accusations are a normal part of the American intellectual arena, and need not worry us. It is more important to note that Freud's whole work has played an important part in the growth of a twentieth-century distrust of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century "intellectualism," a distrust incorporated, certainly, into such anti-democratic world-views as the many fascisms, German, Italian, Spanish, and the rest.

For the pure orthodox of the tradition of the Enlightenment any attempt to question the dogma of the natural goodness and reasonableness of man is of course heresy. And, in a narrow way, the orthodox here is not without some logical justification. Anti-democrats and anti-parliamentarians have now for years been able to get ammunition from William James, Bergson, Graham Wallas, Walter Bagehot, who were basically "liberals," as well as from ambivalent thinkers like Nietzsche and Mosca and from firm anti-democrats like Carlyle, Wagner, Pareto—and Mussolini and Hitler themselves. In fact, one may risk the statement that some of their best ammunition came from some of the liberals. Freud, for whom the rationalist and associationist psychology of the Enlightenment was simply wrong, as Ptolemy was for Copernicus and Galileo simply wrong, has also provided ammunition to those who want to do away with democracy.

Yet I do not think that in the long run the purely orthodox democrat in the tradition of the Enlightenment has a leg to stand on here. If democracy cannot adapt itself to the implications of Freud's scientific achievements then by the standards of its own basic sources it has failed. This is the real paradox: that Freud the real scientist (this does not mean he was infallibly right), whose findings seem to challenge basic democratic beliefs in the nature of man, is a far better guide for us than, say, Marx the pseudoscientist (this does not mean he was always wrong), whose life was honestly dedicated to an attempt to gain for all men the democratic decencies so far denied to so many.

For though the Freudian ways of

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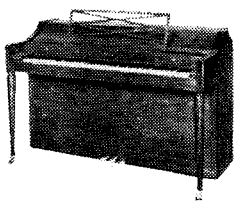

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the mind—Id, Ego, Superego—may one day seem quite absurd, though much of the particulars of his science may be—indeed almost certainly will be—quite out of date quite quickly, what may with some exaggeration be called his "discovery" of the unconscious mind is a genuine scientific achievement on a par, say, with Harvey's discovery that his heart is a pump. We can never go back to mind as Descartes, the philosopher, or even Locke and Condillac, understood mind. We can of course always go back to mind as St. Thomas Aquinas or Descartes the theologian understood it, but that has nothing directly to do with the physiological and psychological sciences.

Democracy has from the beginning insisted that it is not transcendental; it must adapt itself to the facts of life, in the long run, even if the facts are unpleasant. It must adapt itself to the facts of life even if these facts are filtered through that strange instrument the mind of the scientist. What Freud and many other twentieth-century thinkers have confronted democracy with may well be its most serious challenge. But the challenge will have to be met.

It can be met, indeed in a democracy must be met, in many different ways. It can be met as a Reinhold Niebuhr has met it, or as many another Christian has met it; it is not quite true, but near enough true, that Freud taught Original Sin. It can be met, as more and more good social scientists are meeting it, by a willingness to see their role as more like that of the physician, who is grateful for any slight gain against disease, but does not expect to eliminate it, than like that of the prophet, who will have heaven here on earth, tomorrow.

But it cannot be met by democrats who continue to believe that Something Went Wrong, something pretty big and simple, something that can be preached or legislated out of the way, Capitalism, Wall Street, Hollywood, the American Business Man, the Roman Catholic Church, Science and Technology, Colonialism—the list is long. It cannot even be met by social engineering. For perhaps the deepest layer in the Freudian attitude is the belief that the individual must summon from within himself the energies and the wisdom that will free him; the therapist can help, can guide, but he cannot "engineer," he cannot rig a miracle.

FREUD AND FICTION: Obviously, some great event or complex of events took place in between Richard Harding Davis and F. Scott Fitzgerald, in between Mrs. Wharton and Mrs. Woolf. It is customary to say that the great event was Sigmund Freud. Of course, writers have always been conscious of the Unconscious. George Eliot in 1872 was trying to show the mental acts that were "like the subtle muscular movements which are not taken account of in the consciousness, though they bring about the end that we fix our mind on and desire." But Freud gave many writers the confidence to attempt a portrayal of the Unconscious in rich detail. Freud gave Symbolism—one of the necessary impulses of the poet and novelist—a better excuse than the occultism on which many British and even American writers had been trying to base their symbolic practice around the turn of the century. Freud came with a vision of the conscious reason frantically inventing pretexts for deep irrational drives, just when novelists had taken up the cult of creative unreason preached by Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Bergson. Freud was an influence because he was useful.

Of course, first-rate writers get their sense of life from life, not from psychology books; and if writers are good, and if Freud is right, then much of what is "Freudian" in modern fiction would have been there anyway. Still, he was a revolution. If his direct effect on literary content has been less than we sometimes suppose, his effect has been greater than we can express, He has changed the climate of fiction—all the way down to the twenty-five-cent "originals" full of the rituals of castration, parricide, and infantile sexuality. He and the vulgarizers of his thought have made it impossible to write certain stories—some of them fine. Would we—*do* we—believe in Hardy's "pure" Tess?

There are great dangers in the Freudian influence. He has been made in distortions to serve the cause of anti-intellectualism—Freud, the scientist who *had* to believe that the rational can understand the irrational. In criticism his doctrine lends itself to the fallacy that a story is no more than a made-up case-history. In technique it tends to distract novelists from outer to inner events, so that a story often becomes a mere symbol of interior stirrings, with great loss of elegance, dispatch, and plotting strength. But if novelists can learn to bring the Freudian thesis under creative control our new richer sense of unreason in life will result in an immense enrichment of the art of fiction.

—DONALD BARR.

Freud and Freedom

Continued from page 10

mined by rigid, unconscious influences out of the past.

In evolving this point of view Freud substituted for the verbal, philosophical abstraction of "free will" a pragmatic conception of modifiability, adaptability, flexibility. He outlined a conception of illness and normality which frees us from many old dilemmas. He made it possible for the first time to formulate a satisfactory scientific distinction between mental health and mental sickness without becoming involved in artificial legal issues regarding criminal responsibility or tangled in the worries of the sociologist or anthropologist about conformity to primitive or civilized social customs. We can turn, instead, to this simple pragmatic conception of normality, which grows out of a dynamic picture of neurotic mechanisms. Freud's conception of the neurotic process is that aspect of *any* human being in which the influence of unconscious mechanisms dominates the concurrent influence of conscious and preconscious processes. Normality is a vision of man freed from the haunting influence of the buried past which casts its ghostlike shadow upon the present. Too often today the individual, while believing that he lives in the present, is still shackled to his own past, unconsciously—living out in the present the lusts and hates, the hopes, and the fears of his infancy and childhood. Thus, the spiritual life of man becomes weighted down with embittered disappointments. Even our most legitimate and highest activities can become soured by these unconscious needs. It is in this morass that Freud finds the source of human discontent, not as a mystical taint in human nature, not as a vagary of the devil, but as a hard, scientific fact born of unconscious, neurotic demands which remain forever frustrated in the life of every human being. This is not pessimism. For the first time in human history a way has been pointed out of the morass.

To repeat: in the normal frustrations give rise to human discontent. In the sick these same frustrations, intensified and even more distorted, give rise to the multi-dimensional phenomena of mental disorder. The two, however, are the same order of phenomenon. To Freud the life which men think they choose to live is actually the life men *have* to live. They do not choose their virtues or their vices, but they live out their lives in complex and subtle obligatory rituals, serving purposes that they themselves

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do not understand, and for which they find excuses that they call "reasons."

To some this may sound like a profoundly pessimistic statement. On the contrary, it is a challenge. This ancient problem, which humanity has tried to solve through religion, literature, and the arts, now becomes the proper domain of scientific investigation and scientific therapy. That our therapeutic weapons still are feeble is no reason to believe that they will remain so always. We must accept the fact that in psychiatry, as in all of medicine, the processes of diagnosis and of minute observation develop more rapidly than do our therapeutic powers. In psychiatry there is the additional qualification that to unfetter a human being from his unconscious bondages to the past is often more difficult when he is in the main a well-adjusted and effectively functioning individual than if his compensatory mechanisms have so far broken down that he has lapsed into frank illness.

The future importance of psychiatry for human culture is not merely that it has taught us to be humane and understanding and tolerant in our handling of those we cannot cure; or because it treats a handful of those human beings who suffer from frank and outspoken neuroses or psychoses; or because it succeeds in helping a few to regain their health. The hope which psychiatry holds out for Man's future is that the light that it sheds on the earliest steps in human development will gradually help us to find out how to avoid entering the prison cell in which Everyman now lives his life. It gives us the right to look forward to a time when we will know how to influence the development of each human being so that as he grows the empire which is under the control of his conscious and preconscious spiritual forces will expand, while that darker empire of irresponsible, rigid, insatiable, and inaccessibly unconscious control will shrink.

As this occurs we will have a right to anticipate many things; not a life of ease, free from accident or pain, but men better equipped to endure accident and pain, and far better equipped to avoid them in the future, instead of inviting them as we do at present. Furthermore, since our capacity to use our inherent equipment is limited and distorted by these same unconscious processes, a lessening of their influence in human life will make possible increased productivity with lessened internal friction in work and in play, in science, literature, the arts, in economics, history, and government. As Man learns to free his conscious and preconscious processes from the internal obstructions and distortions which unconscious forces place in their path Man will no longer live under the influence of the residues of the insatiable hates and lusts of infancy and childhood. This will mean a culture which is more productive and less gluttonous. And, above all, we can look forward to a society less dominated by the embittered residues of those patricidal, matricidal, and fratricidal hatreds which are born in the nursery and hidden in the nursery, only to be exposed in crime, on battlefields, in illness, and in the envies and rivalries of everyday life. In our present culture we breed, bury, disguise, and control our lusts and hatreds, but never shed them. They corrupt our lives from infancy to the grave. With the applications of what we are learning in psychoanalysis we have a right to look forward to something better.

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Freud in Books

Continued from page 12

of nature. In relentless pursuit of this principle of "psychic determinism" Freud devised his technical procedures, especially the method of free association, as a circumscribed and controlled framework for the objective investigation of the human psyche. By personalizing the continuity of Freud's discoveries after the manner of the popular historical romances Mr. Schoenwald misses for himself and for his readers the rigorously disciplined methodology and scientific conceptualization which were so characteristic of Sigmund Freud.

A work such as Mr. Schoenwald's demonstrates that psychoanalysis is still in the frontier land of science and that even serious students do not yet understand the full import of Freud's teaching for the study of man.

The Layman's Freud

Herewith SR *offers a listing of books currently in print that should prove useful to laymen curious about Sigmund Freud and his work. It does not pretend to be either exhaustive or definitive, merely helpful as a starter.*

FREUDIANISM AND THE LITERARY MIND. *By Frederick Hoffman. Louisiana State University Press.* $4. This "illuminating cultural history" summarizes Freud's ideas and traces their journey from Vienna to Greenwich Village. Particular attention is paid to Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Dylan Thomas, Sherwood Anderson, Waldo Frank, Thomas Mann, Kafka, and other writers who have acknowledged their debt to Freud. S. I. Hayakawa called the book an "important bit of pioneering scholarship" while others welcomed it with such phrases as "a sound, sensible and useful contribution to the 'society of ideas'."

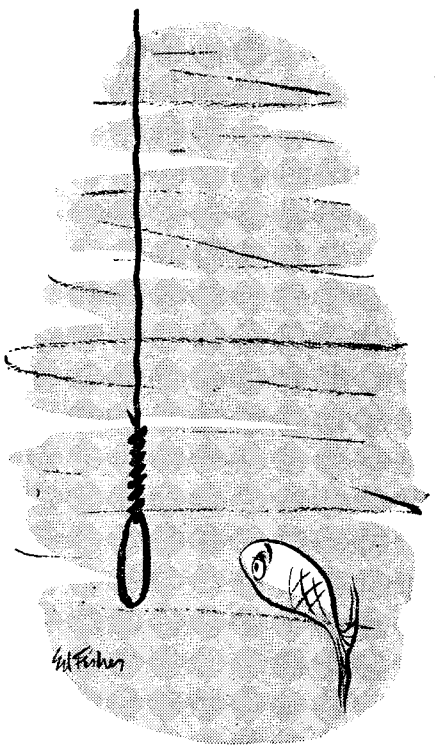
OEDIPUS MYTH AND COMPLEX: A Review of Psychoanalytic Theory. *By Patrick Mullahy. Thomas Nelson.* $5. A psychiatrist and philosopher explains the Greek myth of Oedipus, who killed his father and married his mother, then discusses its application in psychotherapy as it has been interpreted by Freud, Rank, Horney, Stack, Sullivan, and Adler. Reviewers have called it "a clearly written and scholarly contribution to the literature of the subject," and "a great service to all students of human nature."

FREUD'S PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. *By Abraham Arden Brill, M.D. Edited by Philip Lehrman. Garden City Books.* $1.49. Dr. Brill was one of the earliest American followers of Freud and translated many of his works into English. This is a non-technical exposition, highly readable and abounding in illustrative material.

AN OUTLINE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. *By Sigmund Freud. Translated by James Strachey. W. W. Norton.* $2.50. This is a posthumous translation of Freud's last written work, begun in 1938 and published in German in 1940 while Freud was living in London. Freud's aim was to state the doctrines of psychoanalysis, factually and dogmatically. The result is a complete review of his life's work. Critics called this brief volume "a classic of psychoanalysis" which preserves "the essence of Freud's genius."

SIGMUND FREUD. *By Gregory Zilboorg. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2.50. The author shows the relation of Freud to his era and defends Freud's ideas and findings. An eminent historian of psychiatry, Dr. Zilboorg writes with "rhetorical skill" but disappointed some reviewers who felt he failed to come to grips with the major criticisms made of Freud's theories.

PSYCHOANALYSIS: Evolution and Development. *By Clara Thompson. Hermitage House.* $3. The author writes from thirty years of experience as psychoanalyst and lecturer and reviews the history of the movement and its conflicts from within and without. The



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study was praised for being concise, even-tempered, authoritative, and thoroughly readable.

SIGMUND FREUD: His Dream and Sex Theories. *By Joseph Jastrow. Pocket Books. Paperbound,* 35¢. Although this book was originally published in 1932 it is still useful as a readable guide to basic Freudian ideas. The late Professor Jastrow taught at the New School of Social Research and was praised by critics for his clear "middle-of-the-road" approach.

SIGMUND FREUD. *By Rachel Baker. Julian Messner.* $2.95. This authoritative biography, written with "insight and sensitivity," is an "easy introduction" for younger readers and other laymen. It contains an extensive glossary of Freudian terms and a helpful bibliography.

EROS AND CIVILIZATION: A Philosophical Inquiry Into Freud. *By Herbert Marcuse. Beacon Press.* $4. A professor of political science at Brandeis University reevaluates Freud's ideas on civilization and its subjugation of human instincts, primarily the sexual. Of this study Clyde Kluckhohn has said: "Except for Ernest Jones's two notable books on Freud and his life this strikes [me] as the most significant general treatment of psychoanalysis since Freud himself ceased publication."

LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD. *By Ernest Jones, M.D. Basic Books. 2 vols.* $6.75 *each.* The Freud family has allowed the foremost British psychoanalist and one of Freud's original disciples access to private letters and documents to write this extensive life of the master. All reviewers agreed on the dramatic quality, skill, honesty, and informativeness of Dr. Jones's study. Volume I covers the years 1856-1900; Volume II covers 1901-1919. A concluding volume is in the offing.

MOSES AND MONOTHEISM. *By Sigmund Freud. Translated by Katherine Jones. Alfred A. Knopf. Clothbound,* $4. *Paperbound,* 95¢ This interpretation of Moses and his contribution received a mixed reception. According to Freud, there were two religious founders each called Moses. Freud attempts to integrate the religion of Moses with the teachings of Egypt and to explain the origin of Christianity. Reviewers called it brilliant but "shockingly unscientific and irrational." Some saw the book as a perfect example of the dangers in applying psychoanalytic principles to a field other than mental.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STUDY. *By Sigmund Freud. Translated by James Strachey. W. W. Norton.* $2.50. Freud discusses his adventures as a "lifelong detour through the natural science, medicine, and psychotherapy." After 1923 he returned to dealing with cultural problems. Readable and revealing.

THE BASIC WRITINGS OF SIGMUND FREUD. *Translated and edited by A. A. Brill, M.D. Random House.* $2.45. This modern Library Giant contains many of Freud's major works: "Psychopathology of Everyday Life," "The Interpretation of Dreams," "Three Contributions to the Theory of Sex," "Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious," "Totem and Taboo," and "The History of the Psychoanalytic Movement." Ever since its publication it has been the major source-reading of Freud in this country and is still the best buy in the field.

FREUD: MASTER AND FRIEND. *By Hanns Sachs. Harvard University Press.* $2.50. This intimate, admiring memoir of Freud by a long-time disciple and friend tells about Freud's "synthesizing imagination" and gives a warm, lively, and human dimension to the great man. Critics found the facts valuable and interpretations entertaining, the book itself revealing but not definitive.

SIGMUND FREUD: Four Centenary Addresses. *By Ernest Jones, M.D. Basic Books.* $3.75. These newly-collected talks by the honorary president of the International Psychoanalytical Association cover the following subjects: "The Nature of Genius," "Our Attitude Towards Greatness," "Psychiatry Before and After Freud," "Sigmund Freud: The Man and His Achievements." Though a tone of eulogy prevails Dr. Jones is never short on clarity or stimulating information.

—S. M.

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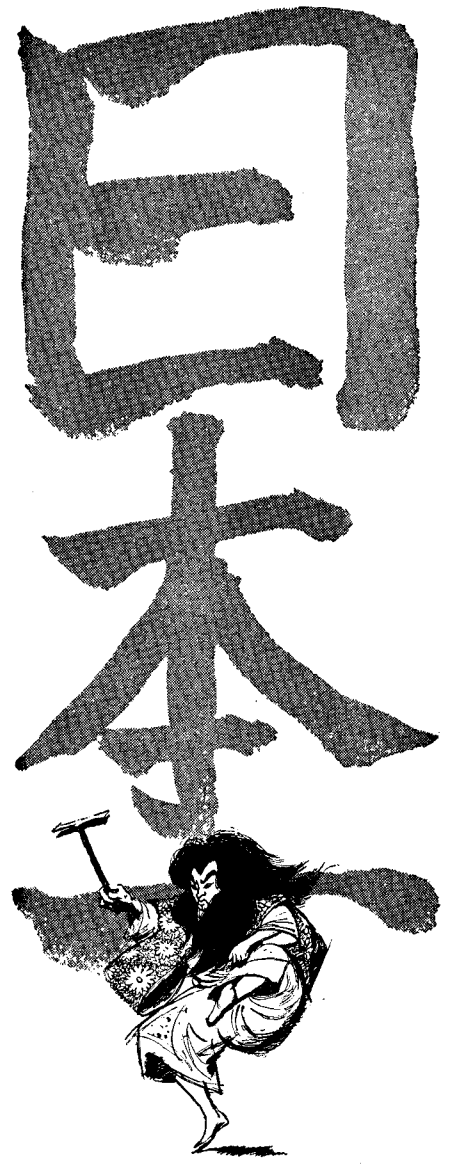

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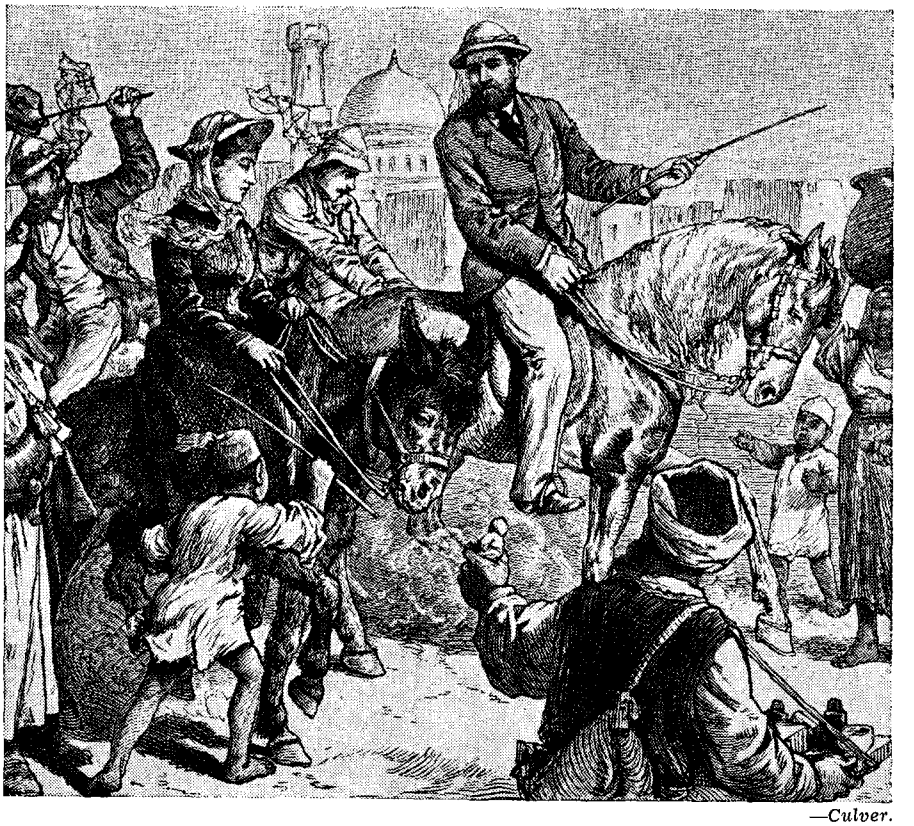

—*Culver.*

Grant on the way to Memphis—"no Monacan pomp for HST."

SEVENTY-NINE years less six days from the May morning when the S.S. *Indiana,* one of the few U.S. flag liners plying the Atlantic, sailed from its anchorage thirty-five miles off Philadelphia the S.S. *United States* will slip from the Manhattan docks bound for Southampton.

The *Indiana,* which took eleven stormy days to reach Liverpool, was carrying Ulysses S. Grant and his party on the first leg of a grand tour of Europe, the Middle East, and eventually around the world to India, China, and Japan. The *United States,* which is scheduled to require four days and fifteen hours to reach Southampton after it sails May 11, will carry Harry S. Truman and his party on the first leg of a trip which takes the former President on a seven-weeks' excursion through Europe.

Grant, fresh from the Presidency, left in a blaze of twenty-one guns, arrived in Liverpool to find the wharf covered with flags and people. He was received by Victoria at Windsor Castle, got a pair of Arabian steeds from the Turkish sultan, was pulled out of Tokyo by a railroad engine draped in flags while special daylight fireworks exploded in the sky, and the principal citizens appeared in Western full-dress to wave goodbye.

Mr. Truman, who has planned his trip without the aid of a travel agent, departs as a private citizen, traveling with Mrs. Truman, Stanley Woodward (former chief of protocol of the State Department), and Mr. Woodward's wife. One of 1,700 passengers aboard the *United States,* and one of 500,000 Americans who will troop through the ruins and restaurants of Europe this year, Mr. Truman will be making his third trip abroad, the other two excursions having been business trips, to Potsdam in 1945 and to France in 1918.

He will take the boat train to Paris, stay overnight, then catch the Rome Express. The party is booked into the Hassler Hotel, an inn of elegance and charm at the end of the Via Sistina, just overlooking the Spanish Stairs, which, though they were given in 1725 by the French Ambassador to Rome, were named after the Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican who lived

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nearby. Mrs. Truman can descend the 137 steps to the Via Condotti, one of Europe's most expensive shopping streets.

AFTER three days in Rome they leave for Naples, and then pick up a car for Paestum, where Mr. Truman has expressed a desire to see the ruins at sunrise and again at sunset. From Paestum they will explore Pompeii, Vesuvius, and Herculaneum. Grant had wanted to climb Vesuvius, but his plans were continually interrupted by the visits of Italian "officials in dashing uniforms," as a report of that day put it. He did manage to get down to Pompeii, where it was the custom to open a house for a visiting notable and thereafter name it for him. While Grant and his party watched a house was opened for him but, much to the chagrin of the archeologists, it contained nothing but a few bronze ornaments and a loaf of bread that presumably had gone stale. The authorities offered to open another house for him, but one of the ship's officers—Grant had pulled into Naples on the *Vandalia*—suggested it might be better to return to shipboard and "excavate a steak."

The Trumans spend the night of May 25 at the hilltown of Assisi, then roll on to Florence, where they will be staying at the Grand Hotel, which is across the street from the Excelsior, the city's best. The itinerary calls for three days in Florence and then on to Venice, where they are booked into the Gritti Palace, a storybook hotel ensconced on the canal where Princess Margaret stayed, not to mention Toscanini, and Sinclair Lewis and Hemingway, who met there. Much of Hemingway's romance in "Across the River and Into the Trees" is laid in the Gritti, a hotel operated with Continental elegance by Sig. Raffaele Masprone, a monocled manager in swallowtails who possesses one of the greatest family autograph collections in hotel history. The guest-book starts with the signature of General Grant, who arrived in Milan in 1878 when Masprone's forbears had a hotel in that city. While in Venice the Truman party will visit the Palladio villas, especially La Rotonda, begun by Palladio in 1567, on which Jefferson's Monticello was based. By this time, brimming with culture, the party departs by day-train for a week in Salzburg, where Mr. Truman will work on the speech he will deliver on June 20 when Oxford University gives him a degree.

He will catch the *Orient Express*, arriving in Paris the morning of June 7. Sticklers for first things first, the French have decided that the party

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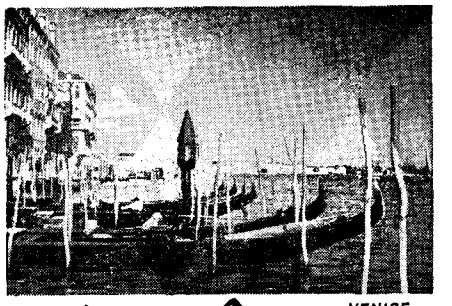

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will eat in the Auberge St. Jacques at Orléans, the Hotel France et Guise at Blois, the Ottoni Inn outside the gates of Chenonceaux, and the Lyonnaise Restaurant, 48 Rue Nationale, in Tours. He may also meet with Guy Mollet, but that hasn't been definitely decided upon as yet.

Grant had arrived in Paris and somewhat startled the reporter from *Le Figaro* who asked the General's impression of the city. Said Grant, "I have ridden from the railway depot to the hotel in a covered carriage, and all I saw were the cushions in the vehicle." Asked how long he planned to stay in Paris Grant answered, "If this horrible rain continues I shall leave forthwith. If not I shall remain during the whole month."

He did indeed remain, spending his mornings visiting the *Herald* bureau, where he would sit for an hour and smoke. He visited the gardens of the Tuileries, strolled through their galleries, issued a few pronunciamentos on the evils of Communism and what to do with anarchists, gazed on the tomb of Napoleon, drove through the Bois, and registered complete delight with the view of Paris from the heights of Montmartre.

Grant did Ostend, Ghent, and Brussels. Truman, regardless of the weather, departs Paris for Brussels on June 13, and moves the next day to the Hotel Wittibrug in The Hague, which the party uses as headquarters for side trips in Holland. "No jazz band breaks the silence and repose of the night, and one wakes in the morning to the sound of birds," says an old brochure of the Wittibrug. It is a five-minute drive through the woods to the beach at Scheveningen, a name about which Mr. Truman should not grow disconsolate. Its proper pronunciation was used as a test during the last war to separate true Dutchmen from German spies.

THE Trumans and the Woodwards sail from the Hook of Holland by night boat, arriving in Britain June 18. The former President receives his degree from Oxford June 20, sails eight days later from Southampton, again on the *United States*, arriving in New York July 3. A member of Grant's party when it came time to leave for home wrote, "When I started my journey around the world one of the pleasures that I set apart for myself was that I would not buy anything, that I would not burden my mind with curiosities, or allow any of the porcelain or ivory mania to afflict me. Among my friends so much useful energy has gone to waste on crockery and bronze . . . I intended to bring back only a flush of radiant memories . . . but in the last days of the trip I began to wonder what we would do with (the souvenirs), and moreover what would the collector at the

—*Culver.*

T. R. reviewing troops at Vincennes—"a transition into private life by travel."

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California Custom House do with them."

Since Mr. and Mrs. Truman, as ordinary U.S. citizens, will be able to bring back $1,000 worth of crockery and bronze duty-free no trouble is anticipated with the Collector of Customs. Nor will the Trumans have to cope with the Monacan pomp that greeted General Grant when he sailed into San Francisco Harbor at the end of his world tour. New Montgomery Street was equipped with an arch forty feet high bidding him welcome, and he was driven in his barouche clear into the lobby of the Palace Hotel. Electric lights and 500 gas jets illuminated the place, and as he stepped from the carriage a chorus of 560 voices had at him from one of the balconies.

MANY former Presidents have sought a transition into private life by travel, among them Franklin Pierce and that veteran voyager Teddy Roosevelt. Roosevelt had already made his first excursion to Europe in 1868 when he was ten years old, toured the Middle East in 1872, got married in London in 1886, and spent his honeymoon on the Grand Tour. After his Presidential terms ended in 1908 he sailed to British East Africa, arrived in Mombasa April 21, took the Uganda railway into the hinterlands. From the verandah of a friend's ranch on the Kitanga Hills he could see the summit and the snows of Kilimanjaro. He hunted lions on the Kapiti Plains, sought rhinos and giraffes, hippos and leopards, set out for giant eland. Then he headed north to Khartoum, Cairo, and emerged finally at Rome. Bouncing about Central Europe in the spring of 1910 he repaired to Oslo to pick up the Nobel Prize, scurried on to London to be special ambassador at the funeral of King Edward VII, who had died after a bronchial attack at Biarritz.

Following the unsuccessful "Bull Moose" campaign of 1912 TR again left home, this time for South America, where he traveled through the headwaters of the Paraguay by canoe, discovered the River of Doubt, also known now as the Rio Teodoro, spent forty-two days getting through the

Omissions

"A Festival Guide to Europe," a calendar of events abroad this summer which was printed in *SR*'s issue of March 17, was prepared by Robert Meyer, author of "Festivals, USA" and "Festivals Europe." The photograph of Haitian musicians appearing in this section in *SR*'s issue of April 21 was taken by Selden Rodman, author of "Haiti: The Black Republic."

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rapids. He visited the land of the vampire bats, passed anthills "as high as a man," crossed the land of the Nhambiquaras by mule train, once spent two months in a canoe.

William Howard Taft, who also lost in the 1912 elections, twice went around the world, was twice in the Philippines, five times in Japan, once in Russia, three times in China, seven times in Panama. He racked up 150,000 miles between 1900 and 1930, when he died, and while in office set a record of 28,639 miles, which remained unbroken until Franklin D. Roosevelt came to office. FDR touched three continents, took 399 long trips while in office, averaged 29,332 miles a year for twelve years.

Mr. Truman's next trip after he returns here July 3 will be to Chicago, where the Democrats will be caucusing beginning August 13. After exploring the Midwestern river of doubt, threading his way through the vampire bats there gathered, and crossing hostile lands on a donkey there will still be for Mr. Truman the peace of the Pacific, the cool of Scandinavia, the color of South America, the darkness of Africa, the wide wide world. —HORACE SUTTON.

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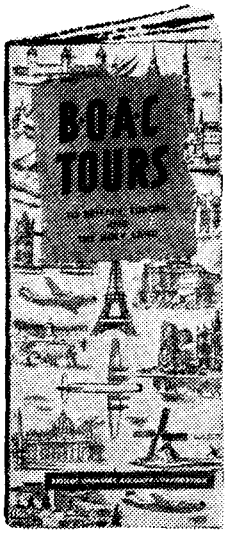

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Fiction

Continued from page 20

esting. But "The Long View" is not a thoroughly successful novel. Characters disappear too quickly as the action moves backward and the children, who presumably are to repeat their mother's failures, are left hanging near the beginning.

—HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER.

TROMBONIST COMES OF AGE: **"Sideman,"** by Osborn Duke (Criterion Books, $4.50), is a long (448 pages), ambitious, and exasperating first novel. It concerns, briefly, two weeks in the life of a big dance band located at an amusement park in Santa Monica. The story centers on Bernie Bell, a young trombonist from Texas who quits college to take his first job as a professional musician with the band. Before he is fired at the book's end he discovers, mostly through an abortive love affair with another musician's wife, that the creative process is not just pen-and-ink but also a mysterious act having to do with "singing hallelujah." This growth of knowledge is apparently the point of the book. Along the way Mr. Duke, who has been a professional musician himself, makes a good stab at describing the pale, halfway-house life of the average popular musician; his people occasionally bounce to life, and almost all of them reflect some light. Most of the time, however, because of droning dialogue and confusing motivations, they keep changing shape, as though they were amoeba. This is the sort of novel, in fact, that is worth shaking very hard to see if it will fall into one smooth piece or simply fly hopelessly apart.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

BRITISH HIGH COMEDY: It has been suggested that in our time we have surrendered our standards of gaiety into the keeping of the gag-men of TV, radio, and filmdom. The result seems to be that even discerning people are now ready to accept a kind of dogged facetiousness as the equivalent of spontaneous wit. In no novel is this more apparent than in Martin Boyd's **"A Difficult Young Man"** (Reynal, $3.50), a saga, imported from England, about the Anglo-Australian, moderately aristocratic Langtons, who enchant their creator with what he considers their wit. One tries in vain to find the tart aftertaste of epigram or the pungency of the rich phrase in the entire length of Mr. Boyd's story. But the difficult young man of the title, one Dominic Langton, who keeps the tale going by blundering in and out of love affairs until he ends up stealing another man's bride almost from the altar, seems much less difficult than dull and the host of aunts, uncles, family retainers, and hangers-on are for the most part stock figures wearing such badges on their breasts as Indulgent Parent, Low-born Snob, and Delectable Heroine. Here and there Mr. Boyd attempts to stir up a flurry of intellectual excitement by permitting a derisive word or two to be said about the English public school system, but even these heresies seem pallid and half-hearted.

—JAMES GRAY.

LIFE AMONG THE DERRICKS: When, in the spring of 1859, Colonel Edwin L. Drake struck oil, the whole way of life of Oil Creek Valley in Western Pennsylvania was changed. What had been a remote farming community became a jungle of derricks, a rowdy frontier town knee-deep in a muck of mud and oil, a nightmare of noise and violence and greedy ambition, and it is this authentically exciting and dramatic background which is the setting for Cornelia Stratton Parker's novel, **"Fabulous Valley"** (Putnam, $4.50). Mrs. Parker has re-created the period with real skill based upon thorough research. Against her background move the early-widowed Linda Rinn, who is faithful to the memory of her husband even though her love had long since been given to another man; her son Davy, a millionaire at nineteen who became "Rock Oil Davy," the first of the oil barons, and lit his segars with hundred dollar bills; Hettie, his wife, bound to be respectable even though she had begun her career on the floating brothel known as "The Joy Boat"; Nathan Alan, oil speculator and Linda's true love; and a host of others. Unfortunately, however, these characters are invested with considerably less vitality and reality than the setting against which they play their parts. Sub-plots clutter up the scene, too, and Mrs. Parker frequently lapses into implausibilities and sentimentalities. The book would also have

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Byron, "Don Juan." 2. Emily Brontë, "Last Lines." 3. Goldsmith, "The Deserted Village." 4. Pope, "Essay on Man." 5. Browning, "Andrea del Sarto." 6. Arnold, "The Scholar-Gypsy." 7. FitzGerald, "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." 8. Keats, "Ode to a Nightingale." 9. Gray, "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." 10. Quarles, "Emblems." 11. Tennyson, "Paracelsus." 12. Shakespeare, "Romeo and Juliet," II, iii.

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benefited enormously by cutting and reorganization. But it would be difficult to write a really uninteresting story about the early days of oil, so that in spite of its technical flaws "Fabulous Valley" is interesting and informative.

—Sara Henderson Hay.

BAD SUPERMAN: One of the basic, often rewarding, themes of science fiction is that of the mutant, the new, distinctly different man, endowed with powers before which those of *homo sapiens* are impotent. This fellow's intentions may be either benevolent or malevolent, the latter being the case in Frank M. Robinson's **"The Power"** (Lippincott, $3). Either way there is bound to be at least tension, and probably enmity, between himself and the lesser species from which he springs, once they know of his existence and his potential capacities.

At a Midwestern university a Navy-sponsored group is testing the limits of human endurance in survival studies. It becomes clear that one of this small group is *homo superior*. With the knowledge begins a subtle, secret chase, for each member of that group, other than the as yet unidentified superman, is marked for death. The story is how Professor Tanner, anthropologist, fights for his own life, in a race against death to learn the identity of the man with the power. Even if he learns this can he do anything about it?

Mr. Robinson's suspense-chase has its moments of true effectiveness. Unhappily, though, his craftsmanship is not unerring. The opening development is a little weak; logical flaws disturb the seasoned reader from time to time, and his smash ending is not quite fair play, in one opinion. Lovers of this genre will have to try "The Power" for themselves. But I think Mr. Robinson shows gifts that may flourish with later work and a firmer hand.

—Edmund Fuller.

ALSO NOTED: "Strictly from Brooklyn," by William Heuman (Morrow, $3), dissects that eighth wonder of the world, the frenetic Dodger fan, whose second home is Ebbets Field. Manny and Dave learn not to take their "mile-a-minute" talking ladies to the ball game if they want to enjoy the diamond shenanigans. Anguish and joy inspired by the "Bums" and family life and love in Flatbush are drawn with broad, comic strokes—dialect and all. Some of the material here may already be familiar to readers who have made Mr. Heuman's acquaintance in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

"The Soldier Room," by Anne Chamberlain (Bobbs-Merrill, $3), is a psychological thriller that effortlessly ex-

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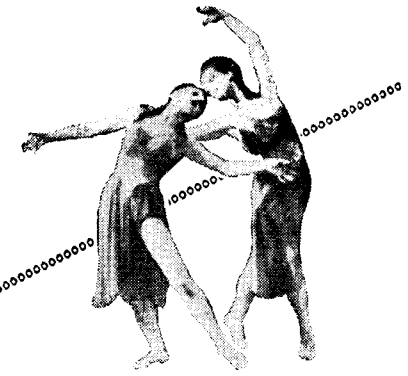

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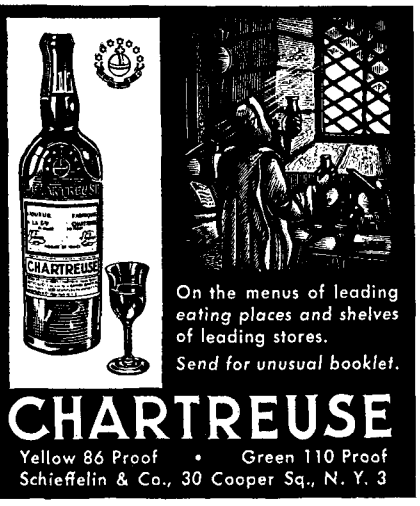

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plores the twisted mental path of Sidney Woodridge. Jealous of his older brother and law-partner Lawrence, Sidney creates an isolated "doll house" for his wife and takes refuge in a room filled with toy soldiers. When Sidney's wife is awakened to womanhood by a traveling antique dealer and sees her husband as a warped soul who is compulsively destroying her life, she brings things to a crashing climax. The same razor-edge suspense which evoked critical huzzas for her earlier novel "The Tall Dark Man" is again evident in the dream-like setting of "The Soldier Room."

"Double Exposure," by Theo Fleischman (Vanguard, $3.50), tells about Florentin, a brow-beaten French government clerk who, like Walter Mitty, slips into a more heroic role, assuming the identity of General Baron Trillard of Napoleon's Army. With the help of the Baron's memory, Florentin is able to reclaim a treasure and confound his bullies, including his wife. Mr. Fleischman, a Belgian historian, spins out his spoof with such charm and finesse that readers will certainly demand further adventures of Florentin—clerk, lover, general, immortal soul.

"South Cove Summer," by Sara Ware Bassett (Doubleday, $2.95), employs a fragile style to tell a brittle story about a recaptured romance. After making a bad marriage and mothering a maladjusted child Sylvia returns to Belleport. A sympathetic teacher straightens out the child, and Sylvia returns to the man she should have wedded in the first place—after the author conveniently disposes of the inconvenient husband. Mrs. Bassett, who has some forty titles on her string, seems a little tired in this trite narrative exercise.

"The Sudden Stranger," by William E. Barrett (Doubleday, $3.95), is a dulcet-toned soap operetta. Bestirred by a fit of conscience, athlete Bart McBride hunts up an old flame who supposedly bore him a child and also discovers his father, who had abandoned his actress-wife. To his relief, Bart finds that there is no baby and that instead of an ogre-father there is a penitent monk. Readers of the imaginative "Shadows of the Images," one of Mr. Barrett's earlier novels, will be disappointed by his routine, melodramatic glibness here.

"The Road to Glory," by Darwin Teilheit (Funk & Wagnalls, $3.75), draws on mid-eighteenth-century California records to tell the story of an adventurer named Hugo Oconor who makes himself a thorn in the sides of the land-holding Franciscan Friars, schemes for personal wealth, and joins a quicksilver rush. Befriended by the peripatetic Father Junipero Serra, Hugo gradually is psychically reconstituted and returns to the waiting arms of patient Narica. Mr. Teilheit, author of "The Fear Makers," "Steamboat on the River," "The Lion's Skin," and other books, makes the characters and action of this tightly-knit tale ring true.

"Lazarus in Vienna," by Alfred Slote (McGraw-Hill, $3.75), is a perceptive picture of postwar Vienna, its Western and Russian occupiers, and its hopeful and hopeless inhabitants trying to piece life together again. The story centers around an American lieutenant named Whitney, who is trying to set up a cultural exchange program, and Brigette, who takes him on a guided, intimate tour of the city during which he learns about dispossessed intellectuals, an insurgent neo-Nazi movement, the bureaucratic machinations of the Russians, and the "bombed-out past" of Vienna. There is no shortage of action nor lack of pace in this fine new work by the author of "Denham Proper." —S. P. MANSTEN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE STRANGLER WHO COULDN'T LET GO *Hampton Stone* (S&S: $2.75)	Manhattan D.A. Gibson and pal Mac, vacationing on Long Island, confront corpse, take action; locals resent intrusion.	Old stock, oystermen, duckmen, all involved in highly chatty number which is good fun in spots.	Unsimple.
THE TRAMPLERS *Jason Manor* (Viking: $2.75)	So. Cal. architect sees killing, spends harrowing 36 hours as hoods wonder what to do with him.	Gal helps and hinders as guns blaze, bombs pop, chairs fly through air (our count: nine die).	Intelligent toughie.
THE SCARLET THREAD *Margaret Page Hood* (Coward-McCann: $2.75)	Stair-flop fatal to off-island gal; Gil Donan, nice Maine deputy sheriff, ties it together.	Color, background, cast authentic; corpse produced in Paragraph One; pace medium.	Plus mark.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Henry Miller

Continued from page 15

sions to the gutters, sewers, and squalor he was "refreshed and inspired, his eyes bright with the horrors he had witnessed."

At various points Perlès fills in details of Miller's comic inferno. What he observed of Miller's degrading infatuation with his former wife sharpens the focus of that obsessive theme as it was developed in Miller's own writing. Or what he tells of Miller's departure for London and hasty return supplements Miller's scathing sketch "Via Dieppe-Newhaven." Perlès also gives valuable portraits of Miller's friends and acquaintances, the most interesting being Anaïs Nin, George Orwell (briefly), and Blaise Cendrars ("a cosmic brother").

ASIDE, then, from its interest as biography and *histoire amoureuse* the biography helps toward an understanding of Miller's writing. If a reader wonders at the formlessness of the "Tropics" books he may be consoled by the description of how Miller composed them: "He never drafted a damn thing. Whatever he had to say came out in perfect sentences that required no subsequent polishing up." In a later remark about "Black Spring" Perlès tries to explain away the formlessness by praising the language, style, and simplicity, which—he weakly claims—give the "cachet of a masterpiece." He quotes excerpts from Miller's books, including the banned ones. Although he is forced by censorship to give one passage in French translation he neatly matches it with a similar passage from Rabelais—in English translation. His final literary usefulness is an appendix, a checklist of Miller's books and articles. It reveals how widely Miller's banned books have been pirated, and how extensively he has been translated into foreign languages.

Although he greatly admires Miller as a person and as an artist Perlès recognizes his limitations as a writer. His opinion is worth quoting: "He commits a grave error . . . every time he departs from his original vein to embark on long philosophical and metaphysical digressions, which do not lend themselves to his peculiar gift of narrative. Henry Miller is a unique writer when he deals with life in the raw; but I refuse to see in him a philosopher or a metaphysician, of whom there are dozens better equipped and grounded than he. A writer of Miller's caliber doesn't require much philosophy to drive home his message. His philosophy and metaphysics are inherent and implicit in his very language and the way in which he handles a human story."

Proof of this can be seen in Miller's latest book, "The Time of the Assassins," a study of Rimbaud, actually a reprint of two long pieces published in "New Directions." It contains three elements: the story of how he discovered Rimbaud's poetry, fragments of criticism and biography, and high-pitched apocalyptic groans about the imminent destruction of the world. In almost all of his autobiographical writing (including his *reportage*) Miller strikes a genuine note of sincere and resonant significance. (He himself has brilliantly justified this kind of writing in his essay "Un Etre Etoilique.") But his messianic fervor rings hollow; and in this instance his literary appreciation and communication are superficial, since he regards Rimbaud as a mirror and as a symbol instead of as a poet. The little book, as a job of bookmaking, is a stunning production. But it will not add much to Miller's stature.

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Americana

Continued from page 17

New England missionaries and traders, which Bradford Smith obviously has ransacked with a novelist's eye for color and a social historian's instinct for motivation and patterns, Lucy Thurston's is the most felicitous to read because, like Jane Austen, she saw the everyday incidents in her life in relation to the world around her, clearly and even caustically.

In "Yankees in Paradise" Mr. Smith has what must be the same New England caution about overstatement and the need to keep himself located, even in outrageous surroundings, that in *her way so long ago Lucy Thurston* also revealed. Fortunately, he isn't solemn as a social historian. He doesn't miss scenes of low comedy, as when a French naval captain in 1849 threatened to bombard Honolulu until the laws prohibiting the importation of brandy, among other items, were repealed. He delights in recreating that gamey trading community of Honolulu which an incensed Boston merchant, William Sturgis, in 1822, said was "a society where indolence, intemperance, debauchery, and gambling are fashionable." Those were high times, when a bottle of French champagne could be had for a picul of sandalwood; and Mr. Smith knows it, and tells with gusto of those times. Furthermore, as a social historian he makes his point as he goes along: for all the men and women of different faiths and colors brought together in Hawaii here is one place in the world where "now there is peace," to quote not from Mr. Smith but from what once so long ago a young missionary bride hopefully wrote.

WHEN one thinks of it, too few writers have taken the time and energy needed to explore this fermenting period of 1820-1854 when the forthright Hiram Bingham was building the great stone Kawaiahao Church and the garrulous and enigmatic Dr. Garrit Judd became the Gladstone of the Pacific in his capacity as advisor to King Kamehameha III. The two standard works, Kuykendall's "The Hawaiian Kingdom" and Bradley's "The Frontier in Hawaii," are both in print and, equally, formidable mines of information and examples of Bancroft's lasting influence on one school of professorial historians. Most of the other good books on the period are out of print and hard to come by.

As a consequence, readers whose minds and hearts turn to the Pacific rather than the Atlantic ought to welcome Mr. Smith's telling of the New England hegira to those fair islands, only 160 days out from Boston by sail. If his telling has a fault it is in the summing up, where Mr. Smith appears to gloss over too quickly his implication that some of the original Yankee stock has run thin. San Franciscans having business dealings with descendants of the original Yankee stock could give Mr. Smith an interesting argument. Argument or not, as they used to say, *nani i orero*, he has spoken; he has spoken well, too. "Yankee in Paradise" succeeds enchantingly in evoking that enchanting era in the Pacific, too long neglected by most of the inhabitants of the rest of America.

ATLANTA FOLKS: Of the American cities possessing home-town columnists Atlanta would appear to be among the favored. Where other cities have scribes who write of local doings with pointless energy, the Georgia city has in Ernest Rogers a man who can recognize a good story and do full justice to its telling. Mr. Rogers—whose own story has been told in *The Reader's Digest*—was crippled as a child and since then has operated on crutches. But as a reporter he asked (and gave) no mercy. He did so well by his town that eventually came promotion to daily columnist on the *Atlanta Journal*. In **"Peachtree Parade"** (Tupper and Love, $3) he sets down recollections of his working life, together with thoughts on such serious subjects as the Leo Frank case and the baffling personality of Margaret Mitchell, with whom he worked as a reporter. Mr. Rogers is a mellow fellow and his book holds up as a collection of humorous stories, in addition to being a locality volume. He has a special feeling for the man who likes a drink, and some of his best yarns concern events when convivial newspapermen get together. One such involves O. B. Keeler, the sports reporter and Svengali of golfer Bobby Jones. "Wouldn't the stomach be saved considerable exercise if the elements of a lunch or dinner were mixed thoroughly before being swallowed?" Keeler suddenly demanded of his cronies one night. All present admitted it might be so. Whereupon Keeler dumped the ingredients of his favorite meal—vegetable soup, chili, raw oysters, and beer—into a bowl and vigorously stirred. Then "he ladled up a spoonful of the monstrous mixture and touched it to his lips. There was an immediate sputtering such as might accompany the blowout of an automobile tire." Sadly, Keeler surveyed his friends. "Boys," he said, "this lousy stuff is not fit to eat."

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1154

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Fleeing from danger, duty, or restraint.	167 97 65 7 29 [illegible] 87
B. Contemptuous Spanish American term for an Englishman or American.	77 [illegible] 150 [illegible] [illegible] 0
C. Greek sculptor, 5th cent. B.C., praised by Pausanias.	164 57 17[illegible] 18 85 170
D. Behold with delicate discrimination.	161 107 51 93 30 [illegible] 20
E. Aloofness.	81 42 4 78 63 6 143 69 15 113
F. Husband of Constance in the Man of Law's Tale (Chaucer).	146 159 138 115
G. Small, translucent food fish of Mediterranean (Aphia pellucida).	157 139 49 116 67 55
H. Joining, uniting.	70 9[illegible] 117 45 123 21 108 125
I. Combination of lights and darks in Japanese art.	90 10[illegible] 44 14 59
J. English actor-manager, leading comedian of his day, praised by Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt.	175 132 86 124 137 88 28 135
K. Shot, as for food, when no special skill is needed.	6 85 [illegible]8 66 92 173
L. Least occupied.	128 87 149 156 178 62
M. Said of metal shaped by means of a groove on an anvil, or the like.	17 11 2 60 131 177

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Successful French opera composer now known chiefly by an opera posthumously produced (1849-80).	80 110 39 176 76 158 168 40 5
C. Immensely popular English novelist, father of her (1812-70).	136 89 100 145 37 84 98
P. Specifying the "Way" of Eugene Walter's drama, 1908.	56 94 22 122 1 130 126
Q. One of the minor Hebrew prophets, of uncertain date.	38 79 43 50 75 144 114
R. Soft and downy.	36 112 104 33 151 95
S. Go at top speed over a relatively short distance.	163 27 154 24 46 148
T. A highly contagious conjunctivitis.	105 35 172 68 54 72 152
U. Arrive at the object of one's ambition.	48 129 99 64 58 109
V. General Grant's aide-de-camp who became chief of staff, 1865.	96 134 174 141 61 121 8
W. Knavish tricks.	31 32 26 119 155 103 142
X. Donor of large prize won by Lindbergh, 1927.	127 41 73 53 147 166
Y. Clergyman in colonial U.S., brother-in-law of Anne Hutchinson; died 1679.	52 23 162 12 34 140 3 111 47 74 106
Z. Radio executive, a youthful hero of the Titanic disaster though he was on land.	169 160 102 71 19 133 165

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■		1 P	2 M	3 Y	4 E	5 N	■	6 E	7 A	8 V	■	9 K	10 B	11 M	12 Y	13 D	■							
14 I	15 E	■	16 A	17 M	18 C	19 Z	20 D	21 H	22 P	23 Y	24 S	25 B	26 W	■	27 S	28 J								
29 A	30 D	31 W	■	32 W	33 R	■	34 Y	35 T	36 R	37 O	■	38 Q	39 N	■	40 N	41 X								
42 E	43 Q	44 I	45 H	46 S	47 Y	■	48 U	49 G	50 Q	■	51 D	52 Y	53 X	54 T	55 G	56 P								
57 C	58 U	59 I	60 M	■	61 V	62 L	■	63 E	64 U	65 A	■	66 K	67 G	68 T	69 E	■								
70 H	71 Z	72 T	73 X	74 Y	75 Q	76 N	77 B	■	78 E	■	79 Q	80 N	81 E	82 A	■	83 C								
84 O	■	85 K	86 J	87 L	■	88 J	89 O	90 I	■	91 H	92 K	93 D	94 P	95 R	■	96 V								
97 A	98 O	99 U	■	100 O	101 I	102 Z	103 W	104 R	105 T	106 Y	107 D	108 H	109 U	■	110 N	111 Y								
112 R	113 E	114 Q	■	115 F	116 G	117 H	■	118 K	119 W	120 B	121 V	■	122 P	123 H	■	124 J								
125 H	126 P	127 X	■	128 L	129 U	130 P	131 M	132 J	133 Z	■	134 V	135 J	136 O	■	137 J	138 F								
139 G	140 Y	141 V	142 W	■	143 E	144 Q	145 O	146 F	■	147 X	148 S	■	149 L	150 B	151 R	152 T								
■	153 B	154 S	155 W	156 L	157 G	■	158 N	159 F	160 Z	161 D	162 Y	163 S	■	164 C	165 Z	■								
166 X	167 A	168 N	169 Z	170 C	■	171 C	172 T	173 K	■	174 V	175 J	176 N	177 M	178 L	■									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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